Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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JUDAISM AND WORLD RESTORATION

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THE paramount problem of to-day is the restoration of the world to normal conditions. It is a vast, complex problem involving political, economic, social and moral issues of a national as well as international character, and requiring for its solution the concentrated efforts of the best minds in various domains of thought and action. No one, who has made even a cursory study of these issues and the many new questions constantly arising, will undertake dogmatically to offer a panacea. The treaties that ended the late war, the League of Nations, the International Court, the Washington Conference resulting in a partial limitation of armaments, the Genoa Conference, and the forthcoming Hague Conference, while not affording a specific cure for the world's evils, present certain practical remedies for the most pressing needs and justify the conviction that the consummation of universal peace and prosperity is within the range of possibility. If this note of optimism will swell into a general chorus of radiant hope and dissipate the dismal croakings of despair, it will aid in the speedy recuperation of nations and their subsequent coöperation for the welfare of humanity.

While many agencies, political, industrial, capitalistic, educational, etc., are contributing their theoretical and practical measures towards an elucidation and solution of these great world perplexities, it is pertinent to ask, what part Religion can and will take in the rebuilding of the world. That Religion is

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vitally interested in the salvaging of humanity is self-evident, but whether it will become an active factor in resurrecting the dead bones of our civilization and investing them with a new body and soul is a mooted question.

Religion has often failed the world in a great crisis such as the late war presented. The great religions lost the opportunities of preventing the war, as well as of bringing it to a close. The war was an evidence of the impotence of religions to redeem mankind from sin and transgression. This fact cannot be successfully parried. The war lords who were responsible for the inception and continuance of the stupendous holocaust were members and supporters of the Church. They even claimed to be inspired by the Almighty to undertake the butchery of God's children. The Church stood aghast and helpless at such monstrous arrogance and blasphemy. As an organized institution for the moral redemption of mankind the Church failed.

The various religions, however, compensated in a measure for this egregious fiasco by using their best offices, at home and in the field, to assuage suffering and comfort the sick, the dying and the sorrowing. Such remedial ministrations, as well as the preservation of the morale of soldiers and civilians, saved religion from a complete collapse. The religions of the world still live, but they are again on trial. They could not save the nations from almost totally destroying one another. Will they be of valuable service in cementing peace, insuring prosperity, and restoring the joy of living?

This question can perhaps best be answered by inquiring why religions, or at least the organized churches of the dominant religions, failed to save humanity against itself. Because *these churches have been more interested in saving themselves than humanity*. In their platforms or creeds they professed to seek truth and human brotherhood; but in reality it transpired that they sought to establish their particular theology as the absolute truth, and their own group or sect as the elect and the basis of a universal brotherhood. Theology, not ethics, became the crux of human salvation. Men were judged, not by the purity of their lives, but by the particular brand of their theology. Men of the noblest ethical character were punished, tortured and even put

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to death for so-called heresy with regard to their opinions and teachings about God. Theology became the rock on which humanity split. Sects multiplied because of variations in the creeds as to the nature of the Deity, as well as to the value and importance of certain rituals, ceremonials and Biblical interpretations. Sectarianism was substituted for religion and totally eclipsed the importance of moral teaching and exhortation. Churches preached love of man, but what they really meant was love for the man who accepted a particular ironclad form of creed and ritual. The same churches even sought to control educational institutions in order to bias the minds of future leaders in favor of a certain approved stamp or standard of religious belief and practice. The same churches, furthermore, endeavored to inject religion into government affairs, *i. e.*, into politics, in order to engraft particular class legislation upon state and national assemblies and thus use political power for ecclesiastical propaganda. Some churches sought also social control and endeavored to upset the equilibrium of the world by encouraging and upholding social revolutions, for the purpose of winning the radical elements as adherents of their particular church organizations and of thus weakening other faiths that held aloof from compromising with social and political movements. Some sects of the dominant churches busied themselves with the creation of missionaries who were sent forth ostensibly to save "lost souls" but in reality to wage an insidious campaign against other religions.

While the work of conscientious missionaries was productive of much good, the effect of even their activities left in the minds of converts a sense of superiority which prejudiced them against missionaries of other faiths. This prejudice, together with a spirit of rivalry among missionaries of various denominations, tended to create or intensify a clashing of the faiths. There is no doubt that disunity amongst the churches contributed to the impotence of religions in the world's great crises. Religions fought against one another instead of uniting against their common foes, to wit: materialism, atheism, sensualism, crass selfishness, human greed, overweening pride and combativeness. It has often happened that, while doctors debated as to the nature

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of a disease and the best means of curing it, the disease gained time and power to kill the patient. So while the Doctors of Religion (Theology) quarreled and intrigued for selfish interests, Satan conquered the world. It has naturally resulted from the interference of certain churches with government, educational, social and political agencies, as well as with representatives and devotees of other faiths, that persecutions, riots, pogroms and even wars were fomented or at least encouraged and supported in the interest of militant religions.

Militant religions! The very thought is a paradox that would seem preposterous. Truth, however, beggars description of the many crimes that have been committed in the name of religion. Slogans, like "the end justifies the means", "burn the body to save the soul," were inspired by the vicious militancy of fanatic ecclesiasts. What with intolerance, bigotry and persecutions, to say nothing of social and political discriminations, instigated and promoted by authorized agents of the regnant churches during the past two thousand years, much time has been lost, untold monies and energies have been wasted, and the redemption of mankind postponed to a dim and distant future!

These conclusions are not mere sensational and unfounded statements, but matters of common knowledge founded upon historical records. Lecky's chapter on *Persecutions* in his *Rationalism in Europe*, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, Lea's *Spanish Inquisition*, White's *Warfare of Science with Theology*, the well known "murders of the Innocents", the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Crusades, the pogroms of Russia, are only a few indications of the innumerable authentic reports of the churches' warfare against humanity; of the failure of the faiths to destroy crime, hatred, cruelty and war because they themselves resorted to those inhuman means to foster what they called religion. The inconsistencies of the devotees of the Church, the incongruities between their profession and practice, have in great measure been responsible for the failure of the churches to prevent or to stop war. Men have instinctively pursued the course indicated by Shylock's natural resentment in the words: "The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

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The irresistible inference from the logic of history constrains us to the conviction that, if the Church is to play any part in the world's restoration, that part must first include a reformation of church methods. Insistence upon an ironclad theology and ritual and a literal Bible, with the resultant militant sectarianism, pernicious missionarizing, and interference with government, politics, education and other religions, must be abandoned. For in those directions of religious militancy lie continued failure and the ultimate break up of civilization. The churches that will not heed the lesson taught by the recent disappointment of humanity at the impotence of Religion to make good its claim as a Vicar of Heaven for the salvation of mankind, must bear the responsibility for a return of the Dark Ages.

Judaism fortunately is free from the aspersion cast upon religion in general because of its recent failure, for Judaism is a minority religion and therefore could not be expected to exert that great influence and power necessary for holding in leash the wicked, rebellious and combative forces of nations. Judaism has itself suffered from the intolerance, aggressiveness and cruelty of militant churches and is a living witness of the curse of religious prejudice and persecution. For over two thousand years Judaism has been the butt and sport of religious fanaticism and misguided evangelical efforts at forcible conversion. Judaism has, however, not executed the villainy it was taught, but has studiously refrained from "bettering" an instruction it did not approve. Judaism has persistently stood aloof from religious intrigues and militant propaganda. It has refused to become a missionary religion, in the ordinary sense of that term, because it has believed and taught that every man has an inalienable right to interpret God according to his best lights and to worship his God according to the dictates of his own and not another's conscience.

If Judaism is to take a part in the world's restoration, and there is no reason why it should not, it will not be as a missionary or militant religion, but as an educational and moral agency co-operating with other similar agencies for the upbuilding of a higher civilization. It may appear heretical to some religious zealots that I call religion, particularly Judaism, an educational

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and moral agency. They have assumed to regard themselves as commissioned by God to convert men to their own faith peaceably if they could, but by fire and sword if necessary. Judaism denounces such methods of conversion as blasphemy. It is legitimate to teach one's cherished principles in private and public. It is even a duty for one to promulgate what he conscientiously regards as the truth which would redound to the benefit of humanity. It is also proper for one to create certain religious, social or other activities that would convey, in concrete and attractive form, the lessons or principles that one regarded as necessary for man's salvation, and it is furthermore in keeping with the eternal fitness of things to invite men to participate in such activities with the hope that they may be spiritually benefited by them. It is, however, not only false but heretical for anyone to claim that he has a divine charge to force upon the world a revealed version of God and religion. Revelation, so-called, is often but a misnomer for a personal opinion.

Judaism will hasten the world's rehabilitation if it can succeed in placing all religions upon the high and equal plane of educational and moral agencies. All ministers, priests and rabbis would then be regarded as teachers of God and His law. And as teachers they could use only approved educational methods which have discarded all punitive and coercive measures.

Taking a positive stand, then, as an educational and moral agency in the world's upbuilding, what has Judaism to teach and what practical means can it propose for the rehabilitation of nations and the restoration of universal confidence, peace and prosperity?

Judaism has the same ethical lesson to teach to-day which it taught over three thousand years ago at Sinai, and which the world has not yet completely learned or practised, namely the categorical imperatives of the Decalogue: Unity of God; Spiritual Worship; Holiness of God; The Sabbath; Filial Devotion; Sacredness of Life; Sanctity of Marriage; Right of Property; Truth; Purity of the Spirit. (See *Exodus*, XX). The Ten Commandments, giving mandatory expression to these principles, constitute an ethical religion sufficient in

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itself to reform mankind. They inculcate an absolute standard of right with a divine sanction; the only sanction that is, without question, proof against sophistical distortion or peremptory appeal. A utilitarian philosophy of ethics is untenable, but the injunctions to safeguard the unity, spirituality and holiness of God, the Sabbath, the honor of parents and the home, as well as life, property, truth and the purity of the soul, are as sound as the laws of gravitation, heat, light and electricity. The latter, as well as the former, are the laws of God. On and for these ethical laws, Judaism stands uncompromisingly. In addition to the Decalogue, Judaism espouses liberty in all its applications; for it teaches, "Ye are the children of God and cannot be slaves to any man." It preached the first form of democratic government when Moses enjoined the people to select judges over thousands, over hundreds, over fifties, etc. But Judaism, not content with mere laws for the preservation of right relations between man and man, commanded "Thou shalt love thy fellow man as thyself". (*Leviticus* XIX–18). And as basis for such human brotherhood we can point to the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul and might." (*Deuteronomy* VI–4).

We have learned that Judaism is not merely a religion of theories, but of ceremonies; not merely of ceremonies, but of laws; not merely of laws, but also of love. Law and love combine to make Judaism a unique ethical religion which the prophet expressed succinctly in the words: "He hath told thee, O Man, what God requires of thee, but to execute justice, love mercy and walk humbly before thy God." Here is a summary of Judaism, its irreducible minimum, expressed in the terms, Justice, Mercy, Humility. Had the war lords of Europe been guided by these three great fundamental principles or ideals there would have been no war. They sought not justice, but only their selfish supremacy; they were not permeated with mercy, for they butchered men, women and children in cold blood to achieve their purpose; they had no humility, for they strutted forth with insolent arrogance as long as they were protected by guns and ironclads. Judaism, by insisting on justice, mercy and humility and inducing the world to accept this minimum, will go very

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far in redeeming mankind from the error of sin and false beliefs. And when men have learned to practice justice, mercy and humility, they will appreciate the great prophetic ideal, "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all? Why then shall we deal treacherously, every man against his brother?" Here is the basis for a common Brotherhood of man growing out of a common Fatherhood of God. If we believe in one God, then all men are his children; then humanity is one family; then why all this intrigue and treachery? Why brother against brother? Why? Only because Religion, through its false application thus far, has been a great fiasco. Churches have preached brotherhood, but they have divided man into hostile sects, denominations, factions. They have split hairs about theological speculations and religious casuistry instead of proving that the divine rights of man are superior to the so-called divine rights of kings and false priests. Judaism would call a confused, misguided and mistreated world back to first principles and demand a universal brotherhood or a united world, that shall acknowledge the God of truth, justice, love and peace as the only King.

A united world is the great optimistic vision of Judaism, and to attain that end the prophets of Israel, thousands of years ago, preached absolute disarmament in that sterling utterance, "They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and they shall learn the arts of war no more." Judaism has throughout the ages endeavored to maintain that ideal of total disarmament on the part of all nations as a requisite for the abolition of war. Since the days of the Prophets it has never undertaken or sanctioned war for conquest and has never resorted to or encouraged religious persecution. Had the other religions upheld the prophetic ideal of disarmament, much good might have resulted. The late war has proved that ecclesiastical edicts have been ineffective for the creation of world peace. And they have been ineffective because the militancy of the churches contradicted and neutralized the peace professions. Nations would not heed the peace offers of religions that themselves were aggressive and militant. Judaism has taught, "These are the laws which you shall keep, in order to live through them." That holds

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good for nations as well as individuals. The salvation of the world, according to Judaism, depends on laws, rightly conceived and justly executed. In other words, the world can be redeemed by means of the Ten Commandments, the practice of justice, mercy and humility, the love of God and man, liberty, equality and fraternity for all people, a government of laws and not of men,—save as they represent the laws through democratic choice,—the abolition of war, and the substitution therefor of a universal Supreme Court.

Those principles and ideals can however not be carried out by Judaism or by any other faith alone. What is needed is concerted action on the part of religions—a League of Religions, that will overlook points of disagreement and unite for the promotion of those principles and ideals on which agreement can be had. As a rule the points of disagreement relate to theology, ritual, Biblical interpretations, sacraments, which concern only devotees of a particular faith and might well be held in abeyance in a consideration of problems for the establishment of world peace. A League of Religions founded on a broad platform of the Ethical Reformation of Mankind could formulate plans for the general welfare without infringing upon the autonomy of constituent religions. Such a League could unequivocably endorse the Ten Commandments, agree upon abandonment of aggressive and competitive missionary efforts, emphasize the total separation of Church and State, denounce and oppose all forms of religious prejudice and discrimination, and advocate the complete disarmament of nations. Such a League could militate against religious competition and unite churches in combating the common enemies of religion and humanity, namely falsehood, injustice, crime and war. It could create a sound public opinion throughout the world on behalf of international amity and peace that would be irresistible. The word of the ancient prophet of Israel, "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all? Why shall we deal treacherously one against the other?" would then be heeded by all men. The League of Religions would thus become the precursor of the Brotherhood of Man.

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THE ILLUSIONS OF GENOA

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

After the Conference at Washington for the Limitation of Armament, international conciliation seemed to be a very simple process. There the Great Powers had met and made important agreements, involving so great a question as supremacy at sea and other vital matters. Why, it was thought, could not Europe by the same procedure be pacified, united, and started on the highway to general economic prosperity?

The Prime Minister of Great Britain believed this could be accomplished. It was a noble aspiration, prompted by a sense of dire necessity. The Italian Government, happy to be associated with its powerful ally in so notable an enterprise, accepted the ingenious formulas of conciliation elaborated at London, and invited the European and some non-European nations to a general conference at Genoa, to be convened in April, and the world centered its attention upon this new convocation as a source of hope if not of promise.

One fundamental difference between the Conference at Genoa and the Conference at Washington deserves to be noted, for it is upon that distinguishing quality that, from the beginning, the fate of the adventure at Genoa depended. At Washington all the nations assembled confessed their allegiance to common principles of business and international morality. Differing widely, as they did, in power and in national interests, they were nevertheless one in their respect for the rights of individuals and of nations as fundamental to modern civilization. They recognized without dissent the same basic principles of human justice and the same postulates regarding the responsibility of governments to one another and to the people they represent.

At Genoa it was not so. There opposite conceptions of human and national relations were not only brought face to face but were of necessity pitted against each other in open conflict,—

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a conflict which was recognized as existing in the very terms in which the Governments calling the conference invited the Russians, and even the Germans, to the consultation. There was not merely a divergence of interests to be harmonized by mutual concessions, there was a conflict of incompatible principles that had to be fought out, and in which one side or the other had to accept the rôle of the vanquished, unless the conference was to end as a drawn battle.

It is upon this inherent hostility between two groups of political and economic conceptions that the whole interest of the Genoa Conference turns. It was, from its essential nature, a combat between hostile conceptions that was there engaged; for the terms of the invitation made it clear that there was an opposition of policies in which compromise would be a confession that neither contestant was strong enough to dominate its opponent.

To proclaim publicly that Europe cannot exist without Russia, is to admit that Europe, in some sense, cannot survive without accepting Russia's terms. The advantage afforded to Bolshevism by this admission was clearly understood by the Soviet delegates. To reinforce this advantage, they declared, on the one hand, their desire for universal peace and their readiness to disarm,—a patent appeal to the confidence of the lovers of peace everywhere,—but, on the other hand, this announcement was accompanied by Trotzky's instruction to the Communist army to be prepared for war, and followed by a stubborn insistence upon the acceptance of the Bolshevik conception of absolute control, not only over the property of Russians but over that of all foreigners in Russia, whether affecting the confiscations of the past or the concessions of the future. To make a compact with the Moscow autocracy it was necessary, as a first step, to make peace with the principles of Bolshevism. That was Lenin's price for restoring Europe.

And what is Bolshevism? It is a destructive, retrogressive movement, initiated and perpetuated by violence, which has placed in the hands of a few desperate men the destinies of a vast empire. Having destroyed the motives as well as the machinery for the multiplication of the means of well-being and

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happiness in Russia, it operates only by the division of the little that remains. It has no plan of its own for restoring the capacity of the nation for production. It simply appropriates the proceeds of the past and aims to extend its area of expropriation. It takes all, but gives nothing. It is Nihilism translated into practice.

Having failed utterly in the area of its present control, Bolshevism seeks aid from the outside. Having ruined Russia, it appeals to Europe. Having already exhausted the treasure extorted from its possessors by bloodshed and terror and harvested from the sacramental vessels of the Church, this oligarchy of brigandage and assassination is now endeavoring at the same time to revolutionize the rest of the world through its propaganda and to wring from the civilization it would destroy not only an admission of its legal authority but the material means to carry on its procedure.

That Bolshevism entertains a desire to aid in the reconstruction of the Europe it has endeavored to destroy is incredible. Such a reconstruction is, on the contrary, an achievement it purposes to prevent by weakening Europe through division. For this purpose it is ready to enter into economic partnership with the rest of the world, or more precisely with portions of Western Europe, in order that by creating rivalries and jealousies it may the more effectively destroy it. The ultimate failure to derive profit from so inviting a prospect as that offered by the natural resources of Russia, and the frauds upon innocent investors that would be encouraged by the formation of bogus stock companies for exploiting concessions, could have no other effect than to discourage the adventures of capital everywhere.

It is impossible to believe that Bolshevism, definitely based on the destruction of capital and the annihilation of a capitalist class, in now proposing a close association with industrialism, which it has succeeded in abolishing in Russia, loyally intends to give capital a victory anywhere. Can any one suppose that a system distinctly founded on violence and hostility to the possession of private property will, when it considers its enemy in its power, refrain from a further resort to violence? And it is worth while to remember that violence, as exercised by the Bolshevists,

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is not the progeny of the dire material necessity which sometimes inspires robbery, but is deliberately conceived of as the legitimate and effective instrument for the annihilation of one social system in the interest of another. As employed in Russia, violence is the offspring of an intense hatred of individual success; and it is this hatred of superiority on its own account that inspires the whole Communist movement.

It is, of course, possible for the theory of the Russian Soviet system to change, but it is not probable that it will change so fundamentally as to favor and promote with sincerity that which it exists to destroy.

Lenin proclaimed the destruction of the State as a form of centralized control only so long as the State was in the power of those he opposed. Why, he asks, should we destroy the State when it is in our power? Having imposed and being able to continue the authority of our will, why should we, although confessedly a minority, cease to control, and consent to surrender to the mass of the people acting through their chosen representatives?

Thus, not more than five or six hundred thousand members of the Communist party, so far as any single power exists in Russia, impose their will upon all the others; and this party is under the control of three or four desperate and irresponsible heads who shrink from nothing to retain their personal supremacy.

How vain it is, then, to speak of the "nationalization of property" in Russia! Even the land has not been nationalized in any real sense. To appease the peasants, it has been divided among them, but rendered unprofitable to them through the ruin of the medium of exchange and the means of transportation. The Russian nation does not possess the property ascribed to it. It is detained, and to a certain extent can still be disposed of, by a small number of self-constituted holders who have acquired possession by violence and retain it by intimidation. By right it belongs, in part at least, to the dispossessed living and the plundered dead.

Nothing is truly "nationalized" where there is no organized expression of the national will. As Lenin candidly said to a delegation of Socialists: "We have never spoken of liberty. We

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practice the proletariat's dictatorship in the name of the minority, because the peasant class have not yet become proletarian and are not with us. It will continue until they subject themselves."

We do not need to examine more closely into the origin, aims, history, and results of Russian Communism, in order to show that there is no common ground on which Western Europe, whose economic system is based on the right of the individual citizen to acquire, possess, enjoy and defend by legal means his private property, can negotiate with the emissaries of Bolshevism, the very foundation of which is the denial of this right.

The wonder is that any one should have found it possible to believe that real advantages could be secured by negotiation with the representatives of the Bolshevik régime. The attempt to negotiate was in itself a revelation of a desperate sense of need on the part of those who were willing to proclaim that without Russia Europe could not be reconstructed. From the very outset the Bolshevik leaders regarded the proposal as a capitulation.

In the statement made by Mr. Lloyd George to M. Briand at Cannes, on January 4, 1922, he said:

> In order to trade with Russia, certain assurances and guarantees are essential.
>
> It should be pointed out that while nations can claim no right to dictate to each other regarding the principles on which they are to regulate their system of ownership, internal economy and government, foreign capital cannot be made available to assist a country until foreign investors are assured that their property and their rights will be respected, and the fruits of their enterprise secured to them.

Mr. Lloyd George, no doubt, believed that the Bolshevik régime, in its extreme need of a foreign loan, would offer such assurance and guarantee by recognizing all public debts and obligations, with compensation for past confiscations, and would establish a legal and judicial system by which commercial contracts would be impartially sanctioned and enforced. He based his faith on a reported change of policy in Russia, contained in Lenin's speech of Nov. 1, 1921, in which he was reported to have confessed, as Mr. Lloyd George interpreted it, the complete failure of Communism.

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Founded upon this error, there were created many high hopes for the Conference at Genoa. Repentant Russia, it was believed, was ready, for her own sake, to join in the noble task of reconstructing Europe.

Unfortunately, there was in the Cannes programme a concession that gave the Bolshevists renewed confidence in their power and importance. It may be true that recognized and responsible governments possess "an unquestionable right to regulate their system of ownership and internal economy in their own way", without dictation by other nations; but are there no standards regarding the character of a régime in the management even of its internal affairs?

The attitude of the Cannes programme recognized that the Communist system was no bar to complete international intercourse, so long as it was not applied to foreigners; as if such a distinction could be made.

This unexpected concession was fatal to any hope of change in the Bolshevik position. Moscow felt that it was morally recognized, and rejoiced in the belief that Europe's necessity was even greater than its own. From the arrival of the Russian delegates at Genoa their objective was the payment of tribute to the Soviet system.

The Bolshevik despotism found itself intrenched behind an impassible bulwark. The Communist system was to be conceded the same right as any other. There being no common law to harmonize the right to the possession of private property and the denial of it, the issue became one of unregulated will and determination. It made Lenin the master of the situation, not because the statement regarding sovereign control within a given area is not in some sense sound, but because the inclusion of this statement in an original proposal implied that the conference was one of perfect equals. This concession virtually said to the Russians: However arbitrary you may be, we shall still negotiate with you! Diplomatically, it was a surrender in advance.

With such an initial advantage, which it was desired to emphasize, the course of the Russian negotiators was plain enough. After the pose for peace, the Treaty of Rapallo. Thus, in the midst of general negotiations, the Russo-German Treaty was

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made public, following the fraternization of the delegates at Berlin and the presentation of the former Russian embassy to Bolshevists.

So far as any firm purpose had been entertained to bring either Russia or Germany to terms, the Genoa Conference was already on the rocks. The Rapallo Treaty was an affirmation that, if any one believed there were culprits at Genoa, it must be admitted they were too strong to be treated as such. But it meant much more than that. It signified that Bolshevism was not really aiming at a united but a divided Europe; and, if the nations desired to avail themselves of the natural resources of Russia, they must not expect to come as a body to employ their massed weight to impose their own terms, but singly and modestly to receive what each was willing to pay for, at Russia's price.

It was a distinctly tactical error, at a moment like this, for the advocates of Genoa to magnify the reluctance of France to discuss the whole European situation there and to condemn her disinclination to permit existing treaties to be revised and rewritten by those against whose aggressions they had been framed. Such a course indicated the dissolution of the Entente and favored the preponderance of the Russo-German compact. It was a time rather for the former Allies to stand closely and firmly together.

Unhappily, there has been for a long time a tendency to isolate France, to make her appear obstructive of European interests, and to condemn her instinct of self-protection, as if it were a calculated purpose of militarism. That France stood apparently alone as respects Genoa, except as Belgium held a similar position, is no doubt true. After the conversations at Cannes, M. Briand fell; and M. Poincaré promptly declared his want of faith in the negotiations with Russia and his reserve toward the whole project of Genoa. Very judiciously, considering the composition of that conclave, he positively refused to throw into the melting-pot all the engagements won by the war. Were Germany and Russia to have the opportunity of destroying the Treaty of Versailles and dictating a new peace? Defective as the Treaty of Versailles may be, it was not at Genoa that it should be revised.

And so France seemed to stand alone. But if France was temporarily isolated, it was not that she had in any manner

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changed her position since the last solemn pledges had been exchanged. While France was thinking of agreements already made in common, others were wandering in new paths and seeking other agreements more to their advantage. There was nothing dishonorable in France's sitting alone, where they had left her at the trysting place. If she was alone, it was because she was deserted.

I shall enter here upon no controversy regarding a passing incident, but it is evident to all observers who have closely followed the course of events that, perceiving that the Genoa Conference might fall short of the hopes that had inspired it, there must be someone to bear the blame.

It was France that was selected for the rôle of the scapegoat. If Genoa proved a barren fig tree, it was because France had poisoned the roots by her refusal to open every question, to let an assembly of the Nations debate upon the issues of life and death, and to substitute for the moral obligation of previous agreements the principles of expediency.

The diatribes published in the American Press against the President of the Council of France, M. Poincaré, by foreign correspondents, were as venomous in spirit as any propaganda made by any nation against any other during the war. He was described as possessing a "pre-war mentality", as a "militarist", as an "obstructor of peace", and as a "wrecker" of the reconstruction of Europe. The reason of this bitter attack was that the French Premier, doubtful from the first of the wisdom of the proposed association with Russia as a basis of European reconstruction, was indisposed to place the destiny of France absolutely in the hands of the men assembled at Genoa.

Finding herself deserted by the new intimacies of Genoa and feeling the reproaches emanating from the Conference, M. Poincaré felt pressed to state at Bar-le-Duc, on April 24, once for all, the unalterable attitude of France. An exaggerated interpretation of his speech on that occasion undertook to complete the moral isolation of France by raising the slogan "*Poincaré c'est la guerre*".

The speech of the French Premier was not a threat, it was simply a reminder. It was, in effect, merely this: "We ardently

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desire, on this capital occasion, the assistance of our Allies, but we shall defend the French cause in full independence, and we shall not relinquish any weapons given us in the treaty."

If there was no one else left to defend the cause of France, could she do otherwise than defend herself? And if she was to defend herself, could she relinquish any weapon given her in a treaty which the Allies had signed and ratified? It was to a treaty, let it be noted, that M. Poincaré appealed, and to nothing beyond it. Was that also "a scrap of paper"? Even supposing it to be impracticable, did that authorize its repudiation, or its forcible revision without the consent of France?

It cannot be truly said that France has ever refused to consent to an expert examination of the actual possibilities of fulfilling the reparation clauses. She has only insisted that the provisions of the treaty should be observed. To the illusion regarding the possibility of advantageous negotiations with the Bolshevists, must be added the illusion that France could be intimidated into the renunciation of her treaty rights by the creation of an ecumenical assembly at Genoa before which she was cited to appear, but by which she refused to be judged. It was vexatious to those who had insisted upon it that M. Poincaré should appear at Genoa, but he was entirely within his right in avoiding the commitment his presence there would imply. In this respect the Secretary of State at Washington was of a similar mind as regards his country.

Now that we know the true reason for the futility of the efforts made at Genoa to secure the restoration of European peace and prosperity, we can assess at their true valuation the diatribes that were resorted to for whipping the reluctant into line and compelling an assent to a factitious understanding.

It was the Bolshevists themselves who caused the miscarriage of the conference; and incidentally, perhaps, saved Europe from the humiliation of sacrificing the two great principles upon which modern civilization is based: the right of the individual person, because he is the only free and responsible being in the world, to possess, enjoy, and control the results of his labor and his enterprise; and the principle derivative from it, that nations, because they are composed of free and responsible persons, are also bound

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to respect one another's rights, to refrain from mutual injury, and to repair as far as possible the wrongs they may inflict.

Bolshevism knows nothing of all this. To recognize Bolshevism is to deny those principles, and to declare that for doubtful material advantages great civilized nations may unite to sustain and strengthen a system in which robbery is a vocation and assassination an incident to the pursuit of it.

There are, I know, those who hold that international transactions are based wholly upon expediency, that morality has nothing to do with them, and that the character of governments does not affect the compacts made with them, if you can gain an advantageous bargain.

Confining ourselves for a moment to this point of view, in the Soviet reply of May 11 to the conditions of a transaction with that Government, the Russian delegates dismiss with a gesture of impatience the whole idea of the judicial settlement of any disputes that might arise under Russian sovereignty. "On this subject", runs the text of the reply, "the Russian delegation must call attention to the fact that in trial cases of this kind specific disagreements will inevitably end in bringing into opposition the two forms of property whose antagonism is taking today for the first time in history a real and practical character. In such circumstances there can be no question of an impartial super-arbiter." The whole idea of arbitral procedure is thus repudiated as an impossibility, because there is between Bolshevism and the system of Western Europe no common law. The suggestion of arbitration in the Memorandum can be explained, the reply proceeds,—

> Only as the result of a desire to satisfy a certain resentment of class or party, and not by any means as a result of an adequate knowledge of the state of things in Russia, to say nothing of the perpetual conflicts to which it would give rise between the claimants and the Russian Government and between the Russian Government and the foreign Powers. Far from creating between the Soviet régime and the capitalistic régime that mutual tolerance which is the condition of fruitful collaboration, it would tend only to poison their relations.

Here is a frank declaration that law and justice, as known and respected outside of Russia, cannot be applied successfully within its limits, or in dealing with Soviet engagements generally.

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Could there be a more derisory conclusion of a conference in which this position was held than its adjournment to The Hague —the seat beyond any other place in the world of the legal side of internationalism?

And unless the Russian note of May 11 is withdrawn, what can be accomplished at The Hague, or anywhere else?

It is universally admitted that the chief purpose of the Conference at Genoa was to make accessible to exploitation by other nations the material resources of Russia. Let us imagine the conference completely successful in accomplishing this end. What would then happen when the nationals of the countries entering officially into a compact with the Bolshevists were forced to complain that they were defrauded? There being no possible court of arbitration, the only alternative, unless these rights were to remain undefended, would be the use of force on a scale that would be equivalent to war. And what nation wishes to make a business bargain that involves the probability of war to give it effect?

The historian will have no difficulty in showing, with the documents in hand, that, when all the pious professions with which it is customary to make doubtful adventures seem respectable are stripped away, the Genoa Conference was a market for the purchase and sale of stolen property. Germany, being kept sternly apart from the private conversations between the Allied group and the Bolshevists, began to suspect that the goods were being secretly delivered without consulting her, and demanded the signature of a treaty that had been for months under negotiation with the Bolshevists. The Russians, on their side, anxious to have at least one good customer, in order to prove that they could do business, were ready to sign, and did so at Rapallo. The Allied group, filled with consternation at this development, made an adventurous bid in which the Belgians and French refused to participate, because it sacrificed the rights of private property. The Bolshevists, preferring isolated deals to a bloc engagement which might ultimately unite the strength of Western Europe against them, rather insolently declined to accept this bid; and thus the one permanent positive achievement of the Conference of Genoa is the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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THE PHILIPPINES AND SEA POWER

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

THE purpose here is to suggest, in the light of that phase of history recognized particularly by students of sea power, that the policy of the United States toward the Philippines is pregnant with possibilities for good or evil that transcend any immediate Filipino or American interests—that it is fraught with contingencies likely to have a determining effect upon such ultimate adjustment as may be wrought out between our civilization and that of the Orient.

But in order to form an estimate of some of the external influences that the Philippines may have on their immediate surroundings and on world affairs, we should have in mind at least some of the more important features of the historical background of the archipelago and of its surroundings.

It should be remembered that, from about A.D. 200 to 1405, the Philippines were an outpost dependency of successive Hindu-Malayan empires and that, from 1405 to 1440, they were governed by China. Throughout these twelve centuries and more their many tribes had always been so antagonistic to each other that they never had been able to unite and strike back effectively at their successive overlords; nor had they been able to undertake any overseas adventures save as individual piratical marauders.

By contrast to this primitive and disunited condition in the Philippines, it was as long ago as the second century of our era that the Japanese Empress Jingo invaded Korea. For a thousand years thereafter there were aggressions and counter-aggressions between the mainland and the islands of Japan until Kublai Khan, grandson of the great Genghis Khan and founder of Pekin, made an elaborate effort in 1273 to conquer the Japanese, an effort that was frustrated by maritime disaster. From then on the native sea sense of the Japanese seems to have been quick-

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ened; for by 1440 they had secured dominion over Northern Luzon while the fierce Moros from the South, rather than the Filipinos proper, broke the hold of China on the rest of the Philippines. But after the Japanese had held Northern Luzon for a hundred and twenty-five years, they were driven out by the superior arms of the Spaniards who arrived in force in 1565.

Less than thirty years thereafter the great Shogun, Hideyoshi, so impressed the Spaniards with the overseas might of Japan that the Spaniards in the Philippines paid annual tribute to the Japanese from 1592 to 1623; and it was this same Hideyoshi who started the great Korean-Japanese war of 1592 in order to conquer China, overrunning Korea with two hundred thousand men and being defeated only when the remarkable Korean naval genius, Yi-sun, at last succeeded in cutting the Japanese lines of communication with their homeland.

This brief outline of some of the major events of the earlier maritime history of the Far East has been given to mark how, from the earliest days of our era, the Philippines have ever been disunited and, consequently, subject to others while Japan, quite the contrary from always having been a hermit nation, has a record of brilliant overseas adventure that reaches back into the mythical dawn of her history. Korea and the Philippines were old battlefields to the Japanese long before their Empire entered on its hermit period from 1623 until 1853.

For the modern picture we should recall that Japan, after she had equipped herself with modern weapons, resumed her overseas career by her war of 1894 against China. While the principle objective Japan attained by this war was the breaking of the protectorate that China had exercised over Korea for many centuries, incidentally Japan acquired Formosa, a stepping-stone to her earlier domains in the Philippines. This led naturally to her taking a keen interest in the immediately ensuing efforts of the Filipinos to throw off the decrepit rule of Spain—and to equally bitter disappointment on the part of the Japanese when the Philippines passed into the stronger hands of the United States.

Somewhat as the Sino-Japanese war of 1894 had been fought to free Korea from China, so the Russo-Japanese war of 1904 was

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precipitated because Russia was menacing Korea. Upon the outbreak of this war, Japan signed a Protocol with the Emperor of Korea which, among other things, said:

Article 3. The Imperial Government of Japan definitely guarantees the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire.

After Japan's victory over Russia and after a protectorate over Korea had led to the installation of a Japanese Resident-General there, the following so-called treaty was forced on the Emperor of Korea in 1910:

Article 1. His Majesty the Emperor of Korea makes complete and permanent cession to His Majesty the Emperor of Japan of all rights of sovereignty over the whole of Korea.

Article 2. His Majesty the Emperor of Japan accepts the cession mentioned in the preceding article, and consents to the complete annexation of Korea to the Empire of Japan.

It had taken Japan but five years to pass from guaranteeing the independence and territorial integrity of Korea to annexing Korea as a subject province of the Japanese Empire—a transition worthy of notice by sincere advocates of Philippine independence.

Great Britain entered the late war against Germany on August 4, 1914, and Japan followed suit on the 23rd of the same month. The very next day Count Okuma is said to have sent the following cablegram to the United States—and the Filipino propagandist, Professor Kalaw, quoted it as lately as 1919 to support his argument that Japan has no imperialistic intention that might menace an independent but weak Philippine republic:[1]

As Premier of Japan, I have stated, and now again state to the people of America, and of the world, that Japan has no ulterior motive, no desire to secure more territory, no thought of depriving China or other people of anything they now possess.

Though very few would go so far as to contend that Japan has adhered to this policy as stated by her Premier, some maintain that, throughout the war, she did everything in her power to support Great Britain and the Entente. On the other hand, others point out that within five months of Count Okuma's above quoted statement, Japan presented her notorious Twenty-one Demands

[1] Kalaw, *Self-Government in the Philippines*, p. 166.

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to China, upon most of which she has been insisting ever since. They point out that, excepting for tardy action against German raiders in the Pacific and except for convoying troops from Australasia, Japan did nothing of a belligerent nature during the war except to her own advantage in the Far East—and this in spite of the fact that the Entente was in dire need of troops and that Japan kept an exceedingly large army mobilized in the East during most of the war.

The point of interest here is not her subsequent acquisition of all of the former German islands north of the Equator, nor her consolidation of her hold on Manchuria, nor her seeming attempt to remain in Shantung, nor her still lingering in Siberia, but rather her failure to enter the war promptly alongside of her ally, Great Britain, and her failure to support the Entente in force after she did go in and when the Allies were in dire need of troops. This delay has been explained in many highly informed quarters by the statement that Japan spent the first three weeks of the war in trying to exact a special price from Great Britain for the promise of Japanese co-operation in force—a delay of inestimable value to the German raiders and Pacific Squadron. And Japan's failure later to co-operate in force similarly has been explained as being due in part to her failure to get her price and in part to developments in Europe ensuing from this situation. For reports from Europe, Asia and Australasia are to the effect that the Japanese asked of Great Britain the immediate and permanent cession to Japan of a string of local British possessions and naval base facilities extending from the Indian Ocean through the Straits of Malacca and up the China coast—as well as a certain position ultimately in Europe which does not concern us here.

It is not practicable to treat here in naval detail the results that might have been expected if Great Britain had acceded to the request attributed to Japan. To appreciate them in the merest outline it should be realized that a modern battlefleet has an effective operating radius of only about two thousand miles from its base through waters likely to be infested by submarines—this because of the necessity of maintaining the high speed essential as a protection against submarines which entails burning rapidly its very limited fuel supplies.

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If Japan could have exacted from Britain's need of help in Europe this Hong Kong-Singapore-Ceylon chain of naval bases, it would have enabled Japan to mobilize her battlefleet even at Ceylon and would have given her the naval command of all sea communications from Kamchatka to India, incidentally cutting off British Australasia and the Dutch East Indies from their natural European lines of communication and support. And the transfer of these naval bases from Britain to Japan would have vitiated Britain's ability to express any great degree of naval power in the Far East, thus leaving the United States, with our rudimentary base in the Philippines, alone *vis-à-vis* Japan. If such prejudices as we may have do not make it impossible for us to admit the possibility of Japan's entertaining extensive designs of an imperialistic nature, then there is no need to elaborate the ultimate effects that this suggested transfer of naval bases might be expected to have on Dutch and British interests throughout the Far East and Australasia—effects that it is no guess to say have been considered carefully.

On the other hand, with Great Britain in possession of a string of naval bases all less than two thousand miles apart and culminating say at Hong Kong, and if the United States had a similar line of adequate naval bases across the Pacific and culminating in the Philippines, such a condition would be like stretching a *cordon sanitaire* from Hong Kong to San Francisco that would have debarred Japan from imperialistic expansion to the south of such a line—and this without in any way interfering with whatever peaceful commerce Japan or any other nation might develop to the south of such a line.

While on the matter of security in this region, it should be noted that advocates of Philippine independence assert that the Four Power Treaty developed during the Washington Conference makes the Philippines safe from external aggression. It should be realized, however, that that treaty applies only to the "insular possessions" of the participating Powers and that if the Philippines were to be given independence, they would cease to be an "insular possession" of the United States and, consequently, would no longer enjoy whatever security may emanate from the Four Power Treaty.

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The Hong Kong-Singapore-Ceylon situation we have been discussing, in addition to suggesting a southward Japanese policy, has particularly important bearings on interests of the United States. For, failing to obtain command of a naval route to the South via British bases, it has become all the more important to Japan to again secure either direct control over the Philippines or indirect control over them through their government. One reason for this is that a Japanese naval base in the Philippines would flank the British line of communication from Singapore up the China Coast; and another reason is that it would give direct command over the extremely important oil fields of Dutch Borneo as well as access to Australasia through the Celebes. Hence the contemplated British project of a great naval base in New Guinea—a matter of paramount importance to Australasia if the Philippines ceased to be under the control of the United States.

As well as the strategic situation suggested, there is a more immediate commercial situation which should be recognized. For just as the Japanese archipelago blankets most of the northern part of the Pacific coast of Asia, both strategically and commercially, so the Philippines blanket the southern part of that coast; and furthermore, by the Philippines passes a great north and south trade which has no equivalent in the more northerly Japanese waters. The trade of Japan in 1920 with Siberia and Northern China was only about fifteen per cent of her total foreign trade, whereas very nearly forty-seven per cent of Japan's foreign trade flows to the southward and passes within a few hundred miles of the Philippines. Consequently, if Japan could control the Philippines, directly or indirectly, she could not only blanket the southern Pacific coast of Asia as she does its northern section, but she could assure the safety of her threefold greater southward trade. For in time of war, if another Power had an adequate naval base in the Philippines, it could cut off virtually half of the total foreign trade of Japan—a trade upon which she is becoming more and more dependent as her transformation from an agricultural to an industrial nation progresses. In fact it may not be too much to say that, by destroying both the southward and the American trade of Japan, she might be so reduced that she could not keep up a war.

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The situation just outlined gives particular point to Article XIX of the Naval Treaty whereby the United States has agreed not to increase our inadequate and insecure naval base facilities in the Philippines. For it will be remembered that it was the Japanese who proposed Article XIX at the Washington Conference—and that they insisted on it as a *sine qua non* of their agreeing to the 5–5–3 capital fleet ratio that the United States proposed.

This strategic situation, when viewed in its entirety and in conjunction with the Pan-Asiatic movement, would seem to make it very difficult for politico-strategists not to recognize an intent on the part of Japan to crowd white influences out of the Far East and to consolidate Japanese dominance along that shore of the Pacific. And to minds which, through the habit of retrospecting in multiples of centuries, are given to prospecting at least in multiples of decades, the question naturally arises: What then as to the balance of the Pacific?

Time and again the evolutionary process of civilization has shown that the proper function of force is to protect moral ideals against mere physical strength, however intelligently directed, until such time as moral ideals shall have borne such fruit throughout the world that physical aggression no longer will be contemplated. Stated in more specific present day terms, the civilization of Western Europe, of which the United States is the greatest single outgrowth, is trying to give form and substance to a young and tender flower—the substitution of equity for force among nations. Until the morality of this shall have penetrated effectively throughout Continental Europe and Asia, the culture of this ideal must be defended by force lest it be trodden under foot and fail of effective purpose in the world for another cycle of centuries. In short, as far as one can see, the prospect is a struggle on the part of the civilization emanating from Western Europe to preserve and disseminate its idealism while all the time it protects this idealism, by force if need be, from being blighted by the backward materialism of Eastern Europe and Asia—and this, for whatever period may be necessary to attain the universal substitution of equity for force.

In the light of such considerations we should look on the ques-

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tion of independence for the Philippines not as merely an insular matter. It is a matter of the broadest bearing on the ultimate adjustment to be wrought out between our civilization and that of the Orient under the probable leadership of Japan. Sincere Filipinos should mark carefully the history of Korea since Japan, with seeming disinterestedness, went to war with China to free Korea from her ancient suzerain—in order, ultimately, to absorb Korea as a dependent province of the Japanese Empire, a province not self-governed by its own elective legislature as are the Philippines, but governed by a Japanese military Governor General. And Americans should not be surprised if Japan most earnestly and intensely supports a movement ostensibly for the freedom of the Philippines; for it is not unlikely that Japan appears as playing a part toward them similar to that which the United States played toward Cuba under Spain—with a different intent.

Filipinos should realize that there is no real analogy between Cuba and the Philippines. Cuba geographically is under the very wing of the United States; and if any foreign Power were to attempt her subjugation, the whole American people would rush to the aid of Cuba—and to the defence of their own immediate security. But the Philippines are very remote and many Americans, sensing possible complications, in effect ask the question: How can we withdraw from the Philippines with a show of decency and let them fend for themselves, thus saving ourselves from Far Eastern embroilments? It is rarely that the man on the street has sufficient knowledge of strategy to realize that the ultimate security of the United States depends on the security of Australasia and on the stability of the Far East and that these, in turn, depend on the security of the Philippines.

Filipinos should realize that the one and single thing that would cause the American people as a whole to come to their aid is the fact that the American flag floats over them, protecting them while their capacity for self-government is being developed. Remove the flag—as the *independista* would do—and the future of the Philippines will be a matter of practically no interest to the mass of Americans unconcerned with world affairs.

But perhaps the most profound factor in the future of the

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Philippines is the test it may put upon the moral fibre of the American people. It is no sign of a strong sense of righteousness for a guardian to grant the demand of a wayward child that he permit it forthwith to have its own way in the world. A higher sense of duty is shown by willingness to make whatever efforts and sacrifices may be required to defend and develop a dependent, however wayward. And the cycle of civilization after civilization has shown that when a once great people become so selfish and ease-loving that they lose their sense of duty to defend and foster their dependents, that is a sure index of moral turpitude which ends in their being overthrown as a nation by others who have not lost their virility. The policy of the American people toward the Philippines may indeed be the determining index of the future of the Pacific and of our civilization.

WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER.

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THE INDUSTRIAL REPUBLIC

BY JOHN CORBIN

STUDENTS of the advancing phenomena of our industrial life have observed, and often with disquietude, a tendency away from local self-government in the United States and toward national control. As early as 1906 Elihu Root gave a notable warning that if the States have any intention or hope of preserving their primal importance under the Constitution they must see to it that their functions are properly performed, and performed with regard to more than local advantage—with regard to the rights and welfare of neighbor States, and of the nation as a whole:

> It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States, or against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control, where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct of self-government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect anyone's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise. Sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national government.[1]

The warning is not hopeful in tone and it has not availed. Nor is it easy to see how it can avail. Very few of our multifarious activities are held within the bounds of a single State. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission are constantly, inexorably, extending their authority to affairs once wholly local. Nor are matters of merely personal conduct exempt. If a youth in Jersey City takes a young woman to the metropolis for immoral purposes, or if a wife in Hoboken receives instruction in birth control through the mails from Manhattan, both become grist for the stately mills of the Federal courts. The calendars are constantly clogged; there is a cry for more and always more Federal judges. Is the result to be a

[1] *How to Preserve the Local Self-Government of the States.* An Address at the dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, December 12, 1906. Collected Works.

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complete nationalization of our industrial and social life, the extinction of local self-government? If so, our institutions will be strangely, indeed tragically, transformed.

It is a fact not sufficiently recognized that, step by step with the decay of local autonomy in the territorial States, a new power has arisen, a new unit of the life of the nation, which feels the same desire for self-government, the same need of it, which the territorial States once felt. Viewing the State of Massachusetts in its present and actual rather than in its historic character, is it any more a "unit" of our life than the shoe industry or the textile industry, each of which, though it centres in Massachusetts, has a national extension? Is Pennsylvania in its territorial aspect one whit more an entity than the coal industry, the steel industry? New York calls itself, rather vaingloriously, the Empire State; but the empire of its port over the commerce of the nation is a thing very real and potent. The railways, narrowly local in their origin, have leaped over State lines as if they were abstractions and the several regional groups are now factors in the national life as distinct as any of the States at the time of the birth of our Constitution. The United States of the twentieth century are the great, vital organs of the body industrial. And to-day they are as jealous of Federal control as the territorial States once were, as eager to achieve autonomy as the States are now lax in defending it. The incessant resistance which our industries oppose to government by commission is an instinctive utterance of our racial instinct for self-government.

Is there hope of occupational autonomy? There is, at least, a fear. The theory of Guild Socialism is built on it, as is also the theory—not the practice—of Bolshevism. In our own country, many unions—textile workers, garment workers, coal miners, and railway employés—are increasingly conscious of the power of a self-governing industrial unit, and are bent on extending it, though the means to that end is a transformation of our Constitution. Once let them become a majority and, according to the doctrines of democracy, they have the right to rule the nation, not only politically but industrially. "Industrial Democracy," whether it spells progress or ruin, is a programme thoroughly feasible. But there is more than democracy in the wind that

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blows to the future. Employers also have perceived this tendency toward the formation of industrial "States" and are already using it, though less intelligently, for the development of self-government on a basis that admits of private ownership, individual initiative. For a free people may live under a democracy or a republic as it wills.

In small local industries, employé representation has long been familiar, and for the most part successful. Toward the end of 1921, it was introduced into the Pennsylvania Railroad system and the "Big Five" group of packers—essentially national groups. In both cases old-time labor unionists fought the innovation, and in both cases ingloriously failed. The fact may well prove the opening of a new era in unionism as in organized industry, the beginning of republican self-government in the industrial group as a whole.

The *modus operandi* of employé representation is admirably autonomous, admirably effective. Thus, under the obvious necessity of deflating wages, employés of the packers were asked to take a reduction of approximately 10 per cent, though their wages had already been reduced some 17 per cent by a Federal arbitration. The decision was reached through a board equally composed of representatives of the men and representatives of the management. A clean breast was made of the condition of the industry and all members of the conference had access to the company books. The "representatives" agreed that a cut was warranted and the agreement was speedily accepted by the rank and file of the workers.

Only the outside trade union objected—officials who were not themselves workers, being professional organizers and labor leaders, and who saw no clear scope for their activities under a régime of employé representation and collective bargaining within the group. Though they deride the "company union", the "hand picked" union, they see in the industrial republic a potentiality to which those who have most reason to welcome it are strangely indifferent. They called a strike. The packers had discarded the machinery of arbitration set up in war-time under Judge Samuel Alschuler, a fact of which the pro-labor press made much. Technically they had a right to do this, the

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term of the agreement having expired; but, taken by itself, the fact made no favorable impression. The fact was, of course, not to be taken by itself. It was a step necessary to the establishment of local autonomy. In place of Federal arbitration the packers and their employés set up, as a pinnacle of the system of representation, their own machinery for arbitration. Under the old plan, the arbitrators chosen by the men—outside union leaders—"represented" only the minority who were unionized, whereas under the new plan they were chosen by the workmen as a whole, unionized and ununionized.

Approximate figures were gathered by Mr. Sherman Rogers, himself a workman and a unionist before he became a speaker and writer on labor problems. The strength of the striking union was indicated in the fact that in the primary election conducted by the Armour plant 83 per cent of the employés voted, those who refused to vote at the behest of the union numbering at most 17 per cent. Between the primary and the election the union set on foot all the forces of intimidation, yet over 70 per cent of the employés voted, many of them being unionists who openly disobeyed the strike leaders. Of the final Conference Board thus elected, at least four of the five members wore union buttons. For this statement Mr. Rogers has the authority of several of the elected delegates of the workmen. When the strike call was issued not over 10 per cent of the workmen obeyed. These figures were given by packing-house officials. Mr. Rogers says: "I do not doubt them." In the early stages of the strike there was much vigorous intimidation and no little violence. This increased the number of absentees, but at no time was the output of the companies seriously curtailed.

In the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad the contest between the new unionism and the old was similarly unequal and the triumph of employé representation similarly complete. As the packers discarded the services of a Federal Arbitrator, so the Pennsylvania asserted its autonomy, defying a ruling of the Railroad Labor Board, and was loyally sustained by its employés.

The situation has its aspects of irony. No demand has been more persistently and vociferously urged by Mr. Gompers and his lieutenants than that workers should have "the right of

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collective bargaining", through "representatives of their own choosing". The objection to this as hitherto practiced is familiar. Union leaders are not, in point of fact, of the "choosing" of the rank and file of workers. Elections are sparsely attended and often packed. An investigator of this phase of unionism asked a highly intelligent foreman printer why he and his kind, who might do so much to direct the labor movement, did not attend union meetings. "Sometimes I do," he answered, "but I generally find the meeting run by men I've had to fire—and we don't like that, either of us." Far too often control passes into the hands of a ring. Many strikes are called for reasons that have to do with the continuance in power of salaried leaders. Sometimes a group of radicals achieves control, sometimes a group of grafters. In all cases the bargaining union leader has little or no first-hand knowledge of the actual conditions with regard to which he claims the right of bargaining. Not to put too fine a point on it, the old-line union "representation" is subject to all the vices of national politics as currently practiced, and it exaggerates most of them. Intelligent workmen have long been aware that under the so-called collective bargaining they lose time and wages, while only their pseudo-representatives, whose salaries continue, "collect".

The most striking demonstration of employé representation is that made by Mr. Thomas E. Mitten in the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. Though long sustained and signally successful it is not altogether typical. Being narrowly local and affecting only some 10,000 men, the scheme of representation is rudimentary. But the experiment has a history of over a decade and has been inspired by a clear and abiding sense of the need of the republican spirit in industry. The question is not, as has been stated, whether capital shall hire labor or labor shall hire capital. That is the question of Industrial Democracy. As Mr. Mitten states the problem it is whether "men and management in coöperation" shall fix wages after a full consideration of the financial situation, or whether this shall be done by an arbitrary board of financial directors checked only by labor leaders, equally arbitrary, wielding the power of the strike. That

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is the question of the Industrial Republic. Note also the principles that underlie this "company union":

First: The primary purpose of a public service corporation is to give public service, and without such service none but thieves can benefit. Second: The successful running of a railroad depends most upon the men who run the railroad, and these human beings are of more importance than dividends. Third: Capital cannot get an adequate return for its investment, it cannot in fact get any return, unless these principles are observed.

When Mr. Mitten took charge in 1911, the company was on the rocks, wrecked by predatory capitalism. There had been no dividends for eight years; the equipment was mostly fit for the scrap heap, and there was a deficit of some $1,500,000. The maximum pay of conductors and motormen was 23 cents an hour. The only remedy conceivable to the leaders of the workmen had been the strike, always the strike. Mr. Mitten made an appeal for loyal coöperation, a "union" within the plant. Under the joint influence of head and heart, the 23 cents an hour rose to 43 cents in 1918 and, at the peak of wartime wages, to 72½ cents. When the need of deflation became evident in 1921, there was an immediate reduction to 65 and then to 64 cents. Meantime there had been a steady increase of service and a resumption of dividends. In 1922 Mr. Mitten called a mass meeting of employés and proposed that, after a 6 per cent dividend had been paid the stockholders, there should be a "dividend for super-coöperation" to the men of 10 per cent on their wages. The Board of Directors resisted bitterly. Mr. Mitten appealed over their heads to the stockholders and got enough proxies to defeat the directors—including proxies on stock which the men themselves had bought, through their Coöperative Welfare Association, to the tune of a quarter of a million dollars. Note this: When men are represented in a way they trust, they willingly become stockholders. So far as is known, that block of employé-owned stock is the largest in existence.

There is a certain force in the criticism, widely voiced, that "the Mitten System" is not a system but a man. No mere paper republic, or paper democracy, could achieve such results. But without the system the man would be equally powerless, and the more widely our industries are integrated on a national scale,

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the more important does the system become. As long as we continue to tolerate the reign of merely financial boards of directors, tempered only by the equally arbitrary reign of strike leaders, it is difficult to see how there can be an end of industrial anarchy—the senseless and ruinous strife between men and management. Under the plant congress, true representation becomes once more possible. Union meetings are fully attended. The "representatives" are themselves largely workers and are personally familiar with the needs both of the men and of the management—as the men and the management are personally familiar with them. To the management, as to the workers, employé representation means the substitution of local self-government for outside control.

Between the brute power of unskilled labor and the brute power of capital a buffer arises which is composed of the most manly and intelligent elements in both. Skilled workmen, known and trusted by their fellows, mingle and deliberate with superintendents, technicians, financiers. The anarchy of strike and lockout gives place to organized and efficient representation—due process of law. Incidentally, the worker finds a new interest in his industry, an incentive to understand it as a whole and to give it his loyalty. He has a new ambition—the possibility of rising to power. Where once the "international" labor leader, immersed in Federation politics, confronted the captain of industry in the traditional attitudes of labor and capital, worker and manager now meet about a table as partners to promote the industry upon which the fortunes of all depend.

The critics of employé representation see a likelihood that the men will eventually "want to run the whole establishment". To this Mr. Mitten answered: "That wouldn't be so bad—if the men knew how." Asked if this would not mean "the end of the employing class" he repeated, "That wouldn't be so bad." The point of all this lies in the reservation, "if the men knew how." The Industrial Republic gives the employé far greater facility in rising to power, but to rise he must make good. In the sense of being entrenched in special privilege, there will be no "employing class", but there will still be responsible employers. Without Mr. Mitten and the organization he built up about him

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there would have been no stockholders' dividends, no wage dividends for "super-coöperation". His salary is $150,000 a year, and he owes his continuance in power to the stockholders.

The interplay of these coöperating principles of labor, management and ownership raises many delicate questions. In case of a deadlock there must be arbitration. Presumably a code of industrial law will evolve, with a court to interpret it. Folk with an eye to the future may well question whether the industrial court in the Kansas plan, operating within the territorial State, may not encounter a rival in the court within the industry—or whether we have not here the germ of two institutions destined to work together as State and Federal courts do now. Such questions are for a future doubtless far removed, but not so far as to be beyond the reach of thought and experiment.

In its quasi national developments, employé representation is rudimentary, inchoate and as yet on trial. In hard times employers are easily persuaded to open their books to wage earners; the real test will come in good times when the men are asking an increase. There is a similar question whether employers will loyally bow to the decisions of the impartial board of arbitration. The hope for employé representation lies in the evils it promises to cure. It presents the best machinery as yet devised for eliminating the radical "borer" and the self-seeking strike leader, thus reducing to a minimum the endless waste of lockout and strike. And it does this in a manner thoroughly republican, thoroughly American.

That this development of "State rights" within the industrial nation will spread among our basic industries and become organized as a system is at best a distant hope. But the need is ever present and the intrinsic advantages are far greater than has yet appeared in our practice. In England the famous Whitley Report outlined a system of local, regional and national "joint standing councils" in each industry, which in the aggregate establish a true industrial republic. Here again we find provision for self-government. The Report recommends that the State "give the sanction of law to agreements made by the councils". This, as Mr. R. M. MacIver points out in his *Labor in the Changing World*, gives to each industry a legislative power as

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regards its own affairs and thus establishes institutions of occupational self-government quite comparable to those of our territorial-political State. Such legislation should of course be subordinate to Federal law. Doubtless there will be need of a wide development of administrative tribunals. The Interstate Commerce Commission has steadily grown in authority and power. The Railroad Labor Board and the Federal Trade Commission are straining forward along similar lines. A Federal Coal Commission is projected. At this rate, each of the basic industries will very soon have its official liaison with Washington.

Such a system could not fail eventually to make itself felt in the halls of national legislation. A Congress mainly composed of men elected from territorial divisions cannot truly "represent" a nation the organic and functional units of which are mainly industrial and have no definite correspondence with locality. If we regard Congressmen not as representatives but as mere delegates attentive to the will of their electors, they are even more manifestly futile, for their electors are a motley, ill-assorted, unorganized crew—laborer, capitalist, farmer, middleman, salaried worker. To which element shall the distracted delegate hearken? In point of fact, our parties being about evenly divided on major political issues, he is stampeded by some organized minority group—the one that makes the most noise—the German vote, the Irish vote, the woman vote, the prohibition vote. If he tries to follow his own best judgment, as some Congressmen still do, his case is scarcely better. The problems of government are industrial, commercial, involving highly technical factors—and he is, usually, a lawyer.

The essence of tyranny, it is said, is power without responsibility. Under our present organization, or lack of it, when a group procures legislation it exercises this power. But there is another menace to the freedom of a nation, equally great—that its elected representatives have responsibility without power. Thanks to the uncontrolled activity of groups, that is the case with even a numerically strong majority. Congress is fast becoming a mere rubber stamp for selfish, warring group interests. "Will the Republicans control the next Congress?" one politician asked another in the fateful months of 1922. "What difference does

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that make!" was the answer. "It can't control this one." Harassed by multifarious machinations, even the "strongest" majority finds itself impotent to serve not merely the nation but—grim portent—its own political fortunes.

If anyone wishes to measure the superior compulsion of group interests when working upon Congress as now constituted, let him consider this: While they threatened merely the future of the nation, as they have done since long before the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887, they were ignored or dealt with gingerly. Our modern sense of the evil dates from the time, in 1921, when a certain political group, the Republican party, perceived that they threatened also its continuance in power.

Lord Bryce has noted the low standard of our national legislature, both in personnel and in the sum total of accomplishment, and has given many a shrewdly observed explanation of it. But he omits this one, that when men chosen on a merely territorial basis endeavor to "represent" the group interests of the modern world the result is inevitably a scramble of futility. And there is a shame beyond the fact that Congress is so largely composed of impotent or evil little men; it is that the abler men of the business world outside are equally impotent, and often equally evil. When a group or an individual is denied its salutary, normal functioning, what object in life remains but to seek the selfish gain, the illegal power? Lack of self-government by groups, and of group representation in Congress, has diverted many an able man, who would gladly have served his country, into devious ways—to the great loss of forthright national leadership.

The force of modern conditions has already placed in the Cabinet leaders of nation-wide groups—agriculture, labor, commerce. Where is this process to end? Is it wholly inconceivable that our national legislature also shall quite consciously and frankly be composed, at least in part, of the representatives of industrial groups? The creative leaders of farm bureaus, mines, steel mills and railways, of the commercial and banking world, would thus find a means of working for the country as a whole while they voiced their nearer interests—of voicing their nearer interests while they worked for the country as a whole. So also

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would groups of professional men as such—lawyers, physicians, clergymen, educators. Cities might be represented in their capacity as ports and commercial centres, and the territorial States would doubtless still have representatives, though reduced in number. Such questions are much mooted and only vaguely thought out; one must not be insistent on details. No less than the thirteen States that came together under the Constitution, the units of our modern industrial life differ in magnitude and importance. They differ even more widely in character and in special interests. Some means must be found for insuring that Congress shall truly represent all the people. It would profit us little to exchange the inefficiency of the lawyer politician for a dominance by big business. But there is urgent need, which many to-day recognize clearly, that each and all of the great factors of the industrial nation shall have a full measure of occupational self-government and be represented in Congress by men who know their needs. The Senate might remain wholly "territorial" as at present—a chamber of nationally minded men, designed to act as a brake upon blind faction and visionary initiative; but the House would contain an adequate number of able specialists, each the chosen representative of some great organized unit of the national life. With basic laws passed by such a Congress, self-government in each industry, aided by a national Commission, would be a relatively simple thing.

At best, it is to be feared, there would be pulling and hauling in the "House" of these new "representatives". But at least the struggle would be brought out from the region of pork barrel, political fences and lobbying interests; it would be waged in the open by expert men under able leadership. The mind of the nation would receive new light, the blood of the nation flow red and warm. However problematic the details, this main fact is obvious; until our commonwealth has assumed some form more nearly respondent to modern needs there can be no genuine self-government, no really representative legislature, no true freedom.

One of the largest of the groups of which the nation is composed —the largest with a single exception—has failed to make itself felt at Washington; failed even to realize the necessity of doing so. They are those who have no union and never strike—in-

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dividuals oppressed by inhibitions of dignity and respectability and timidity when they ask for a bit more pay. But of all groups in the nation the middle-class brainworkers are the most cruelly, the most ruinously, abridged of their freedom. When labor strikes and employer profiteers, when this bloc or that bloc works its will upon Congress, they suffer—and suffer without redress. Whence this familiar fate of the innocent bystander? They look back piously to the point of view of the Fathers, ignoring all that stands between—ignorant especially of their own impending fate. In this new form which our republic is assuming, they are declining in numbers and in power; and that is a matter of moment to one and all of those who care for their country and its future; for they are the brains of the nation, the repository and the guardians of all that is best in the racial stock, in the national tradition. They are slaves and, no less than organized labor or organized capital, they will search in vain for anything in the Constitution of the United States, in the Declaration of Independence, in the body of our law, which points the way to freedom.

Under the Industrial Republic, their case would be different. They are the right hand of capital; without their creative mind and administrative energy, our industrial fabric entire would decay and crumble. They are the right hand of labor no less, as has been abundantly shown in tragic experiments of late both in Russia and in Italy. In the industrial Congress as it seems likely to develop, they are, each in his unit or "guild", the natural representatives of employer, the natural representatives of employed. Out of the labor of day to day, able men of all kinds—skilled workmen, superintendents, technicians—would rise to positions of industrial power; the abler among them would rise out of their industries to the ultimate political power at Washington. In this new order it would go hard if the middle classes were so cramped in their living as men that they could not hand on to the future the rich endowment they have received from their fathers; it would go hard if they were not permitted to bring into our political life the high intelligence and the creative leadership that are to-day so conspicuously lacking. Blindest of all orders to their own needs, they are of all orders the most

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essential to the nation. To labor especially they are indispensable. Only when the brain rules the economic body shall we be able to guard the less well-to-do against unemployment, to bring free living and spiritual advancement within the range of the multitudes of common laborers whose bodies are their only capital and are productive only when "invested" in a job.

Employé representation—the Industrial Republic—implies voting, and a voting that gives workmen power over property values which they own only in part. For the rank and file the chief interest in their industry lies in such equity as they have in the present and future of their jobs. The money ownership lies mainly in other hands. Here is a Gordian knot that the Guild Socialists have cut. As the masses control, in effect own, the political State, they say, so the masses must own and control the industrial State. It is high time to look equality in the face, beginning with its political manifestations. When asked what he thought of democracy, a philosopher said: "How can I tell? It has never been tried." When the balance of our party system is struck, this will have to be set down, whether as debit or credit, that it has consistently stood between the nation and the creed it professes. We have had an oligarchy of bosses and office holders hand in hand with a plutocracy that sustained them. We have now a tyranny of organized minority groups. But we have never had a democracy. There may be those who will say that we could not have been worse off. They will do well to remember that the logical end of pure democracy is Socialism—the postulated equality of Jefferson carried beyond the political sphere to its logical conclusion in the industrial sphere. That equality in the ownership and direction of industry is a feasible programme politically, to achieve which is well within the power of a majority, was shown in wartime when the political state quite generally "expropriated" the industrial fabric, even to such portions of individual wealth as it deemed needful. If the majority of American citizens ever really desire to bolshevize industry, due process of law will not be lacking. Now in an industrial nation the majority must always be unskilled laborers. Questions arise as to the qualifications for

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citizenship—whether the doctrine of equality has not betrayed us into making the standard unduly low.

That the liberalizing movement of the nineteenth century was on the whole salutary, few will question. To the bitter hardship which the Industrial Revolution imposed upon the factory worker it opposed the Christian sense of brotherhood; and it is mingling with this, in ever increasing proportion, a sane regard for the racial health and vitality. Upon the humane impulse that so largely inspired the democratic revolution the world can never, should never, turn its back. But it is high time to realize that its theory and dogma are extreme—in effect, false. Men are not created equal. A very large part of our population, almost fourteen millions, are of alien birth, with little experience in self-government and often no aptitude for it. The army mental tests, though made in haste under unfavorable conditions and admittedly subject to revision, show beyond question that the average of our citizens is alarmingly low. Almost a quarter of the draft men (24.9 per cent) were, by any genuine test, illiterate—and, at least by inference, twenty-five millions of the American people. Over 47 per cent were technically morons, with a "mental age" under twelve years. "The only remedy for democracy," say the Socialists, "is more democracy and always more and more democracy." In plain terms, if a citizenship of literates fails, add the illiterates; if that fails, add the morons, the imbeciles, the idiots.

Even in its mitigated form as practiced to-day, democracy is not the yokefellow but the antithesis of freedom. It means lowering the standard of political thought, of political honesty, of independence and vigor in political leadership; it means a very real tyranny of the selfish and the base over generous and far-sighted patriotism. These people are, to be sure, still our brothers, with a claim upon our generosity very real and compelling. But we can no longer delude ourselves with the idea that political enfranchisement means political regeneration. There is a multitude of those who—quite aside from the effect on our institutions—are themselves only the more depraved in casting a vote.

If under the new order toward which we are tending this ignorant and degraded multitude were to exert their will, the

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possibilities of organic group representation, otherwise so bright, could only be seriously dimmed. These people are the great liability, the great danger, of the republic. If only in order to preserve the resources which we devote to their care, the industrial fabric must be ruled by those who are literate, and have in their blood the instincts and the capacities of free men.

In the eighteenth century, and well on into the nineteenth, citizenship was not so much a right as a privilege, a responsibility; there were many qualifications, chiefly of property. It does not seem unreasonable that only those who have a stake in the country shall have a part in its government. But that idea was lost in Jefferson's "Revolution of 1800" and the coming of the Industrial Revolution. We live in a world of new values, new standards. The chief wealth of the major portion of our citizens to-day lies, not in that landed "property" in which Noah Webster saw the bulwark of freedom, nor in anything measured by money, but in their own character and training—their jobs. By what standard, then, shall the capacity for citizenship be measured? One word holds a vast idea—service. In wartime it was an idea familiar to all. Some served at the front and some at home: neither was more essential than the other. As it happened the rewards were very unequal. Some found glory and death in France; others riches at home and the ignominy of the profiteer. In a truly industrial Republic, truly patriotic, that would not be possible.

On the fourth of March, 1921, certain words were spoken which at the time passed unregarded and apparently uncomprehended. This was perhaps because the speaker was generally thought, and sometimes is, a backward looking patriot. These are the words:

> I can vision the ideal republic, where every man is called to the flag or assigned to duty for whatever service, military or civic, he is best fitted; where we may call to universal service every plant, agency or facility, all in the sublime sacrifice for country, and not one penny of war profit shall inure to the benefit of private individual, corporation or combination, but all above the normal shall flow into the defense chest of the nation. . . . Out of such universal service will come a new unity of spirit and purpose, a new confidence and consecration. . . . Then we should have little or no disorganization

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of our economic, industrial and commercial system, no staggering war debts. . . . Envy and jealousy would have no soil for their menacing development and revolution would be without the passion that engenders it.

National service! Is it too much to expect that, in order to become a citizen, a man or woman shall be skilled in his job—trained to serve in office or factory, in navy or army, in hospital or government bureau, and shall have access through books and the press to the sources of sound judgment; that those who are not literate and have no capital of skill shall have no voice in government? Is there any better basis for citizenship than the ability and the willingness to serve? Only a nation of skilled citizens, free men in the practice of their craft and capable of sacrifice, can ever be truly a republic, truly free.

Who will oppose this limitation of the franchise? Not the trade unionists. They are "the aristocrats of labor". They are well paid, intelligent, having their own homes and bank accounts; they are eager as Americans to make good—and are sorely beset by the rising tide of industrial democrats led by the radical "borer". The middle class of brainworkers will be for a sane limitation of the franchise to a man. To achieve it, they need only organization, a programme, a slogan.

The word "republicanism" was familiar to the Fathers as it sounds strange to us. It embodies the idea which, however unconsciously, has shaped the development of our nation—the idea of common welfare and national good, avoiding alike self-centred individualism and tyrannical control. If such republicanism is to succeed, the right to vote must be very widely diffused—open to all who are qualified by their own sound character to know men, by their intelligence to judge of measures. But it must also be limited to those who have the ability, and accept the liability, to serve.

The vision far outruns the possibilities of the present, outruns all human capacity for filling in details. But what matters chiefly is that there shall be a vision. It will not be ignored forever, even though voiced quadrennially in the inaugural address of the President of the United States.

JOHN CORBIN.

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COUÉISM

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

After light darkness, after activity repose, after war peace, after panic prosperity, after materialism mysticism. It has always been so, and it will probably continue to be so. It is the law of the eternal flux.

The war kept ruthlessly before our eyes the realities of life. It brought physical misery and spiritual desolation to countless thousands. The world over they are striving to combat the former by social and political reforms and adjustments called Socialism, Bolshevism, Nationalism, Self-Determination, Fascicism, etc., and to get surcease from the latter by appeals to and testings of supernatural phenomena, called spiritism, faith cures, mental- and auto-suggestion.

The latest of these, one that is on the way to be tried out in this country is called "Self Mastery by Conscious Auto-suggestion". It is the contribution of a chemist, formerly of Troyes, now of Nancy, M. Emile Coué, and the procedure has come to be known as Couéism. In the words of its originator, "It brings physical health to the sick, moral health to the neurotic and the erring, and puts upon the right path those who have a tendency to take the wrong one." In its application for righteousness it has "within reason" no confines. It is available for every ailment, whatever its nature, and whether its inroads be grave or slight. Organic troubles yield as easily as functional, and bodily disease is even easier to cure than nervous and mental. M. Coué obtains results in 98 per cent of his cases, and he would obtain it in all were it not that two per cent of his patients are of intelligence so low that they cannot comprehend the directions, or they lack the power of voluntary attention and cannot devote their minds to an idea even for a few consecutive seconds.

It behooves us errers, sufferers, priests, physicians, teachers, reformers, to lay aside all malice and all guile, and hypocrisies,

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and envies, and all evil speakings, and inquire into this method and practice that has the capacity to lift from us the burdens of life, banish fear and disease, make us love our neighbor as ourselves, eradicate the greed for possession, and thus render wars impossible and the League of Nations unnecessary.

And first the method and the means. The subject is taught the A, B, C, of conscious thought by having him do a few "experiments" such as closing the fist and suggesting him to think that he cannot open it; to close the eyes and, standing stiffly erect save at the ankles, think that he will fall backward, the suggestion being made to him meanwhile that he will fall. After these and similar simple experiments he is "Ripe for the curative suggestion. He is like a cultivated field in which the seed can germinate and develop whereas before it was but the rough earth in which it would have perished". The subject is then instructed to sit down and close his eyes. He is then assured that every word he hears will fix itself in his mind, be printed, engraved and encrusted thereon, and that without his will or knowledge he and his whole organism will obey. He is told that he will feel hungry three times a day; that he will digest and assimilate his food; that he will sleep promptly, adequately and refreshingly; that he will shake off gloom, worry and anxiety; that unwholesome thoughts, apprehensions and aversions, temptations, grudges, will melt away and lose themselves as though in a distant cloud, and finally completely disappear. Next, he is told specifically that all his organs are functioning properly. If there should be any lesions in any of these organs he is assured they will get better from day to day and soon will be entirely healed. It is remarked, says M. Coué, that it is not necessary to know which organ is affected for it to be cured. Finally he is told that up to date he has lacked confidence in himself, but that now he will have confidence and that he will be able to accomplish with ease whatever he wishes to do, on condition that it is reasonable.

All the suggestions are made in a monotonous soothing voice, which, though they do not send the patient to sleep, make him drowsy. The patient is then told to open his eyes, which he does "always with a smile and an expression of well being and contentment on his face". Sometimes the patient is cured on

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the spot, oftener the suggestions have to be renewed. But they are all cured, save two per cent. Tuberculosis of the lungs and liver, bunions and biliousness, epilepsy and eczema, paralysis and prolapse of viscera, club foot and varicose ulcer, homicidal obsession, kleptomania, organic disease of the heart that has resisted all medical treatment, yield to this apparently simple procedure. When the patient is not cured at the first sitting he is instructed to say on an artificial rosary, i.e. a piece of string with twenty knots tied in it, the following phrase: "Day by day, in every way I'm getting better and better". The word *every* must be emphasized, and all words must be articulated, though *sotto voce*. A fact that seems to have escaped M. Coué and his propagandists is that the transpirations of the first sitting are the result of direct suggestion: informative, imperative, argumentative (I may say even deceptive). It is only when he comes to "day by day in every way I grow better and better" that auto-suggestion begins to work.

"Remember I cure no one," M. Coué frequently repeats in his conferences and his seances. "I teach you to cure yourself. Each person carries within himself the instrument of his own well-being." So he does, but to tell him that he can use this instrument to avoid and to cure all disease is to misinform him, to delude him, to deceive him. He can use it to be the captain of his fate, the master of his soul, in the sense that Henley used it, but in no other. "This incalculable power which gives us such mastery of ourselves and allows us to escape, and to aid others to escape, from physical and mental ills, should above all be applied to the moral regeneration of those who have wandered from the right path." One cannot help regretting that this incalculable power was not available in M. Coué's country several generations ago, for it might have been brought to bear on Rousseau when he was planning the *Discourse on the Inequality Amongst Mankind* from which Illumism, Socialism, Bolshevism and the other fabrics of the plot against civilization have been woven; or on another of his countrymen, one Mordecai, known to history as Karl Marx, who pilfered from Rousseau, and popularized Babeuf and Blanc. It is vastly of greater importance now, when the world is so ill and her institutions so shaky, that those in possession of these power-

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ful curative measures should apply them to this larger and more urgent need. I venture to suggest, in view of the fact that M. Coué assures us that it can be applied to the moral regeneration of those who have wandered from the right path, that, temporarily, he leave the problem of human disease with us who devote such intelligence as we are vouchsafed and such energy as we can engender to it, and that he concentrate on Lenin and the Babeuf mischief-makers the world over. Should he do the job well the medical field, as well as its trained workers, will welcome him with cheers and caresses.

To understand the phenomena of auto-suggestion, it is necessary to know, says M. Coué, that there are two absolutely distinct selves within us. Both are intelligent, but one is conscious, the other is unconscious. The former is possessed of a very unreliable memory, but the latter is provided with a marvelous and impeccable memory which registers without our knowledge the smallest events, the important acts of our existence, but strangely enough it is credulous and accepts with unreasoning docility what it is told. The unconscious presides over the functions of our organism, and over all our actions, whatever they are. It is this that makes us act, even against our will when there is antagonism between these two forces. For some unfathomable reason M. Coué calls this arbiter of our destiny, this shaper of our conduct, this supreme regulator of our mechanisms and functions, imagination. Why he should have selected a word that has a world-wide definite connotation, and a universal specificity of usage, is quite beyond comprehension. When he states that will always yields to imagination he means that in contest the subconscious always triumphs over the conscious. It is distressing to know that Original Sin must finally prevail. In view of the fact that Dr. S. Freud has been hammering away at this for more than a quarter of a century, it is nearly as difficult to understand why M. Coué claims originality for this idea as it is to understand his use of the word imagination.

There is a certain substratum of truth in his teaching, as there is in all errors and all false philosophies; just as there was in Rousseau's Socialistic teachings. If there were no truth at the bottom of false philosophies they would obtain no credence, and

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thus be no menace to truth. However, M. Coué's psychology is not in conformity with the teaching of that science at the present day. About thirty years ago Mr. T. J. Hudson published a book called *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* in which the views that M. Coué is promulgating were set forth. The book, which supported the dual mind theory, had an enormous vogue but unfortunately it had no scientific standing. Neither has this last revival of it. All psychologists agree that the mind is a unit, and that man has but one mind. It has unquestionably a subconscious portion, but to speak of a subconscious mind as an entity is pure assumption.

Psychology is based on a few definite fundamental principles. These are, first, that the material world exists. Second, that there is such a thing as consciousness and that the relationship between them is mediated by the nervous system and more particularly the brain. That this relationship is a twofold one, a psychophysical and a psychophysiological one, need not concern us here. Third, that there exist constant uniform types of mental activity with definite relations that may be formulated into psychological laws. The term subconscious which is used so glibly nowadays as if it were an entity, narrowly to be defined and quite apart from the conscious, is in reality a concept that is wholly denied by some psychologists. Münsterberg for instance says: "The story of the subconscious can be told in three words: there is none." That there is a form of psychical existence which underlies, but it is not identical with, the personal consciousness cannot be denied. But to claim that this subconscious is the arbiter of man's destiny, the regulator of his functions, the supreme director of his life, is absurd and libelous. Man's conscious thoughts, deliberations, and resolutions, the result of instruction, example, experience, foresight and hindsight, constitute the man as he is, as he would wish to be. Were it admitted that the subconscious is the man, present day ethical teaching would be an anachronism and religion as taught a mockery.

The warp and woof of the Christian religion is that one can by taking thought determine upon a course of conduct that will be acceptable to his Maker and be rewarded by everlasting life. But if the only purpose of thought is to trick the unconscious into

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doing something that it, in the pursuit of its natural course, knows has only a pragmatic or conventional value, then, the thing to do is to observe and study the laws of the unconscious and having learned them strive to administer them. These laws, so the fanciful theorists of the subconscious maintain, are less mutable than the laws of the Medes and Persians, and they are concerned wholly with our animal life. And now comes along M. Coué who says that they are the dominators of our spiritual life as well, for if the will and resignation are not synonymous with spiritual life what are?

The truth of the matter is, and it cannot be stated too plainly or emphatically, that the assumption of Dr. Freud and his co-workers and followers, and of M. Coué, that there is such a thing as the unconscious as an entity, is not founded in fact and is contrary to the teaching of the science of psychology. There is no more justification for many of their assumptions than there is for an oil-field salesman to assume that there is oil in a property that he is trying to sell that has never been drilled. He assumes that there is oil in it because oil has been found in an adjacent field; because it is the kind of soil in which oil is habitually found; and because certain geological formations of the soil are usually associated with oil. The prudent purchaser insists upon drilling before buying. No drilling of the unconscious to date has revealed it to be an entity, the dominator of the conscious, the arbiter of our somatic destiny, the captain of our fate.

M. Coué is at great pains to prove that his method is not hypnotism, and by that he means he does not put his patients in a state of hypnotic sleep before suggestions are made. He is also insistent that the "cure", or the "orientation" that results in 98 per cent of the cases does not flow from the suggestions that he makes to them when they are in a condition of quietude, the avenues of sense impressions being voluntarily shut off as far as possible, but from suggestions which they induce their tranquilized consciousness to make to themselves. This may be news to the novice in psychotherapy, but thirty years ago in the clinic of Bernheim of Nancy I heard similar statements, and in the years that have intervened during which I have been a witness of the "influence of mind over matter" I have not seen

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it denied. So far as the potency of the "imagination" is concerned, and "the law of reversed effort", by which M. Coué means that so long as countersuggestion is at work conscious effort will act by contraries, that is, we must "imagine" right before we can "will" right, it is well to recall that a hundred years ago Bertrand, one of the first to approach the problems of hypnotism from the modern standpoint, maintained that the hypnotic state was brought about through the influence of the imagination of the patients acting upon themselves. Moreover Braid, who popularized the subject in England three generations ago, dwelt upon the value of reflective auto-suggestion. Attention is here called to these facts, not so much to show that the adage that "there is nothing new under the sun" has not been contradicted by M. Coué, but to suggest that Prof. Badouin has drawn the long bow when he claims that the "psychological and medicopedagological movement initiated by M. Coué is one of the notable scientific happenings of the present epoch."

Self-mastery by conscious auto-suggestion is a primitive thought revival. It is a survival of a thought that is as old as man. History is full of such survivals. In Porphyry's *Treatise on Abstinence*, it is related that a Senator, Rogatianus by name, was cured of an articular disease of eight years' duration "by negligence of terrene concerns and a contemplation and intuition of such as are divine". Plotinus, Porphyry and Iamblichus, the Neo-platonic trinity, formulated and codified the thought as it were and introduced it into the texture of psychology and philosophy in such a way that it has been impossible to take it out. It has gone through the history of medicine like a comet through the heavens, appearing every now and then with dazzling and threatening splendor.

The belief in a soul that is capable of influencing the body without mediation of bodily structure is one of the most important doctrines both of the Neo-platonists and of the Kabbala, which taught a secret and mystic doctrine of emanation, and of the mystics and alchemists of the middle ages. The belief in an "unconscious mind" that can be petted, cajoled, jollied into a state of righteousness, and which, in the pursuit of this righteousness overcomes such conditions as dislocation of internal organs,

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abscess of the liver and other structural disintegration, is founded in a similar secret and mystic doctrine of emanation, and no use of terms like "the unconscious mind", or "the imagination" can confound the issue or befog the view.

Quite unwittingly M. Coué has accomplished something which no one heretofore has done. He has shown Shakespeare to be consistently in error about "The power and corrigible authority of our wills". Much time and labor have been spent to glean from the writings of Shakespeare not only a reflection of the scientific, philosophic and ethical teachings of his time, but a prophetic forecast of them. He emphasized, indeed harped upon, the place of the will in life and it is probable that most people still believe that he was right. But if Coué is right Shakespeare is wrong. Says Coué:

"When the will and the imagination are in conflict imagination invariably gains the day."

Says Shakespeare:

> What he will he does, and does so much
> That proof is called impossibility.

There is a widespread belief that doctors who employ serums and vaccines, cautery and scalpel, régime and discipline, in their combat with disease, are sceptical of the value of faith, hope, confidence, and suggestion. Nothing could be further from the truth, and there has rarely been a doctor wont to put his thought and experience in writing who has not testified to their profound, and often inexplicable potency. One of the first clippings that I made from a medical journal the year of my admission to the fraternity reads:

> We will even go so far as to affirm that a very large proportion of the ailing might and probably would be sound if only they were sufficiently strongly impressed to believe themselves to be so. The influence of the mind upon the body has been one of the strongholds of quackery from earliest times, and faith is as powerful a medium for good or for evil now as it has ever been.

That was thirty-five years ago and doctors the world over have been saying it tirelessly since. They welcome the advent of anyone or any movement that will disseminate this knowledge, that will carry this message to every actual or potential sufferer.

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They resent only that it shall be based upon a theory that stultifies one's understanding to accept, and forfeits one's self-respect to believe.

Every generation has had one or more miracle workers in the field of therapeutics. It is to be hoped that we shall continue to have them. The science of medicine never received such an impetus to progress as it did from the existence and activities of Paracelsus who, in the sixteenth century, after returning from travel in the East and study under the priests of Zoroaster and the Gynosophists, boasted that there was more medical knowledge in his shoe strings than in the writings of his predecessors and contemporaries. And who is there to-day to deny that medicine benefited enormously from the advent and labors of Hahnemann?

It is strange how quickly mind and miracle cures are forgotten and how easily broken are the promises of those who have gained widespread reputation as healers. I venture to say that not one in a hundred could tell the story of the Bethsan Home, and yet in the early 'eighties the faith healing which it represented took England by storm, and Mr. Boardman of Rochester Square was talked of then as M. Coué of Nancy is now. His fame spread through England and over the Continent and to this country, and several Homes were opened in New York. There was scarcely a disease that he did not heal and pathological conditions universally considered incurable, and even unamenable to any kind of treatment, yielded as the mist of the morning to the rising sun. The Bethsan Healers believed that sickness was invariably the consequence of sin. Though itself an evil it may do good by driving us from it and from self and toward God. It is readily to be seen how preparatory this teaching was for one of the most widespread of all supernatural cures, Christian Science, which is still a great power in this country, and from which the medical profession has learned a great deal.

But nervous and mental diseases go on increasing. If the statistics of the hospitals of New York were reviewed it would likely be shown that there are one hundred per cent more nervous diseases than there were twenty-five years ago. This is due in large measure to their recognition, but it is also due to the fact that civilization, and whether it is progressive or retrogressive

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need not detain us, entails them. The essential step in the control of infectious diseases was discovery of their cause and mode of propagation; after that it was clear sailing. And in such fashion the neuropsychoses, the fertile field of the faith curer, Emanuelite, Couéite or Christian Scientist, must be overcome. Their cure, as I have said elsewhere, is in the fields of mental hygiene, pedagogy, and eugenics. Until public opinion is cast and molded to accept this fact and the combined effort of neuropath or generations of neuropaths, physician and pedagogue is enlisted just as it was in the campaign against tuberculosis a generation ago, we shall not make very much progress. Meanwhile, waves of supernaturalism will sweep over us about once every ten years, and at one time the storm centre will be Boston and at another Colorado. In the former place, consonant with its culture and its traditions, a clergyman, a pupil of Wundt, the father of modern psychology, will be its mediator and exponent, but in the Rockies it is likely still to be a Schlatter.

If prophecy should become "bad form", or if writers could take something for it and be cured, it would be so much easier for the tolerant, credulous person to encounter and deal with these "epochal" discoveries in psychology and medicine and to bear with equanimity the disappointment that has, up to date, invariably followed their dissemination. The seeker after truth and enlightenment, accustomed to or tempted by psychological scent, will be likely to read Prof. Badouin's book, *Suggestion and Autosuggestion*, the book which paved the way for M. Coué's conferences in London last autumn, and M. Coué's pamphlet. He will not, however, be biased in their favor before reading them by such statements as "The teachings of the new Nancy School are destined in conjunction with the teachings of psychoanalysis to effect a renovation of psychology, medicine, and pedagogy. As supplements to Bergsonianism the two will probably achieve the renovation of philosophy as well."

Had I not such small esteem of prophecy I should be tempted to forecast the fate of Couéism.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

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PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING PROHIBITION

BY WAYNE B. WHEELER

I HAVE read with interest the article in the June issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by the Rev. John Cole McKim, entitled *Prohibition and Principle.* It seems to me that THE REVIEW is endeavoring to lay before the people the vital issues involved in this disputed question, in order that the sane, sober-minded, thinking electorate of America—and the world—may know the reason for the faith that is within them, whether they approve or condemn Prohibition in its present status. Believing this to be its purpose, and that I can be of assistance in this most laudable undertaking, I wish to make herewith a succinct statement of the principles on which the claim for the existence of Prohibition is based.

The right to secure and enforce Prohibition in any unit of government is based upon two fundamental principles which have been established by the decisions of courts of last resort in the United States. The first one is that the people have an inherent right to better their conditions whenever they proceed in a legal and orderly manner to accomplish that end. The right of the people to keep step with advancing civilization and to secure for themselves and their posterity the blessings of honest, clean government, and the pursuit of happiness, is inherent in the Government itself.

The right of a citizenship to protect itself against crime and misery is a law of nature enjoyed by citizens before constitutions were ever adopted, and is as fundamental as the right of self-defense in the individual. In the States the courts say that this right of the people is their reserve power called the police power and that "It extends to all the great public needs." Or, as the United States Supreme Court said: "It cannot be denied that the power of the State to protect . . . health . . . and

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public morals . . . is a power originally and always belonging to the State not . . . directly restrained by the Constitution of the United States and essentially exclusive." Justice McLean, of the Supreme Court, expressed it as follows: "It is a power essential to self-preservation and exists in every organized community. It is indeed the law of nature and is possessed by man in his individual capacity."

Decisions might be multiplied proving that the people have this inherent right to protect themselves from vice, misery and crime. There is only one way by which it can be limited, and that is by the people themselves. This makes clear the responsibility of citizenship under a democratic form of government. If public morals and public health are essential to the perpetuity of government, and the people may destroy these essentials, it is vital that patriotic citizens see that public sentiment is so enlightened that this calamity shall not befall our country. It is not mere rhetoric or sentiment, it is the law of this land that public morals and public health must be safeguarded and protected if the Government is to endure.

That the liquor traffic is a menace to public health and public morals has been settled beyond controversy. The public health departments within the last two years have taken a position on this question that should convince any one who is interested in the question. The Public Health Department of New York City in its *Bulletin* said:

> It is no use for us to go on fighting disease and crime if we do not do something to abolish the chief factor in causation. . . . It is believed that diminution of the consumption of alcohol by the community would mean less tuberculosis, less poverty, less dependency, less pressure on our hospitals, asylums and jails.

Other public health departments have given expression to similar truths. It confirms what the courts have already said on this subject. The United States Supreme Court said:

> The injury, it is true, falls upon him in his health, which the habit undermines; in his morals, which it weakens; and in the abasement which it creates; but as it leads to the neglect of business and waste of property and general demoralization, it affects those who are immediately connected with and dependent upon him.

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Accident insurance companies, industrial insurance companies and every agency interested in public health, have given indisputable evidence that the liquor traffic injures public health and shortens life.

That public morals are injured by liquor is shown by the records of every jail, prison, workhouse, public institution and home for delinquents. Or, to put it in the words of the courts:

> The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributed to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source.

Or as Justice Harlan, speaking for the Supreme Court, said:

> We cannot shut out of view the fact within the knowledge of all that the public health, the public morals and the public safety may be endangered by the general use of intoxicating drinks.

The next important principle established by the court is that the beverage liquor traffic is so vicious in its influence and results that it has no inherent right to exist. The United States Supreme Court said (*137 U. S. 86*), after calling attention to the character of the liquor traffic:

> There is no inherent right in a citizen of a State or of the United States to sell intoxicating liquor.

The Supreme Court of Illinois in the case of *Harrison v. People, 222 Ill. 150*, said:

> It must be conceded that the business of keeping a saloon or dramshop is one which no citizen has a natural or inherent right to pursue. . . . No one possesses a constitutional right to keep a saloon for the sale of intoxicating liquor.

The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted by the orderly processes of government, by a larger majority than any other provision in the Constitution. Twenty-three twenty-fourths of the States ratified it, and forty-seven out of the forty-eight States have adopted State Prohibition codes to enforce it. It is undoubtedly the right of the people to change or repeal this Amendment. As long as it is in the Constitution, however, it should be obeyed by the people and enforced by public officers. To demand the enactment of statutes that will make it a farce

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or leave public officials without effective laws to enforce it is just as reprehensible as an open defiance of the law.

It is a dangerous doctrine to advocate that the National Prohibition Act may be violated without just censure. In nearly every instance where this doctrine is advocated it is excused on the ground that a doctor needs to prescribe liquor and has no legal blank forms to supply liquor. It is no violation of the law to prescribe liquor without a legal blank, or for the physician to take the supply which he has under the law and prescribe it without a blank, *in an emergency*. All of this scarecrow material used by the opponents of Prohibition has no foundation in the Federal Prohibition Act.

It is indefensible to advocate that the individual can determine whether or not a law is a good law, and if he thinks it is not, that he is justified in violating it. No citizen has the right to choose what laws he will obey or disobey. If this policy were adopted we should soon face the chaos of anarchy. There would always be some people in every community who felt that their personal liberty was unduly infringed upon by every law on the statute books.

The principle underlying Prohibition in this respect is no different from that of other laws. The end and purpose of government is the greatest good for the greatest number. The law keeps pace with social progress. Modern inventions have made necessary regulations for the control of vehicular traffic. Speed laws are enacted for the protection of the public. A case might arise where an individual might be notified of a serious injury to a near relative. In his eagerness to reach the bedside, he might violate the speed laws. The circumstances would be most extenuating, yet the exceeding of the speed limit would be no less a violation of the law. It would be as justifiable to contend that all traffic laws should be repealed and speed maniacs be given free rein because such an unfortunate circumstance might arise, as to say that the Prohibition statute should be repealed because perchance a physician might, upon some occasion, be without a prescription blank. Frequently, during conflagrations in large cities, it is necessary to dynamite the homes of individuals in order to prevent the spread of the fire and thus to protect the

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larger number of citizens. If we follow the reasoning of some opponents of Prohibition, such a course would be without justification. In the enactment of human laws, it is often necessary to fix arbitrary standards. It is frequently possible to argue from individual cases that such standards are improper, but these laws are based upon the good of the whole, and the minority must abide by them until they are changed by legal methods.

The final goal of the Church and of Christianity is to have a standard of Christian citizenship that will always do its duty. If every one were perfect and would do unto others as he would have them do to him, there would be little need of law. At least we should need but few statutes to guide human conduct. As long, however, as men and women are as far from being perfect as we find them, even in the best of our civilizations, laws are essential in order to protect people from the violence and greed and indifference of their fellow men.

It is the law which in its silent dignity gives protection to all. The mother cannot go by the side of her child on the streets always, but the law gives it protection at every street corner and from the brutal treatment of any bully on the way to school or to play. The law is the child's best friend. It is the best friend of the home. It insures us against the greed of the profiteer who would sell adulterated foods and underweight groceries. It protects the business man from the illegal methods of his competitor, from theft of his property, and in his property rights. It protects the professional man from libelous attacks upon his character and reputation. If we had no adequate law to protect our personal and property rights this nation would soon revert to chaos and to anarchy. Law is as essential to order this side of the millennium as breath is to life. Any excuse for the violation of law in the name of order is indefensible.

The first attack made upon the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is found in the definition of intoxicating liquor. The uninformed at once reached the conclusion that if Congress could define the term "intoxicating liquor" it had the power to define the term so as to include liquor varying from five to ten per cent of alcohol. Fortunately, the Supreme Court has decided this question in part. It has declared that:

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The second section of the Amendment does not enable Congress or the several States to defeat or thwart the prohibition, but only to enforce it by appropriate means. The decisions of the courts as well as the action of the legislatures make it clear . . . that a rigid classification of beverage is an essential for . . . effective prohibition of intoxicating liquor. A test often used . . . is whether it contains one-half of one per cent by volume. It is therefore . . . clear . . . that the definition provided by the Volstead Act was not an arbitrary one.

The reasons why Congress fixed the standard at one-half of one per cent in defining intoxicating liquor were based upon the experiences of the States. For fifty years the States have been experimenting with enforcement legislation. Two-thirds of them had accepted the definition of one-half of one per cent, not because that amount of alcohol would visibly intoxicate the average person, but because it was necessary in order to enforce the law. The Supreme Court sustained this law and held that the definition in the Volstead Act was not an arbitrary one. It gave at great length the reason why such a definition should be upheld. Simply because Congress can define the term, prohibiting what is not intoxicating in order to enforce the law, it does not follow that it can legalize the sale of intoxicating liquor which is prohibited by the Constitution.

Three and one-half per cent was the strength of ordinary beer before Prohibition. Everyone knew it was intoxicating liquor. One of the courts in Wisconsin held that a person who did not know that beer was intoxicating was a driveling idiot. It is as clear as the noonday that Congress cannot legalize intoxicating liquor, but it may prohibit such non-intoxicating liquors as are essential to bring about honest enforcement of the law.

There is nothing new in the charges made against the Eighteenth Amendment and the law to enforce it. Every effort made to curb greed, licentiousness and vice has met with opposition. The fight for pure food, sanitary conditions in workshops, elimination of child labor and a thousand other things for the public welfare made possible by law have ever been attacked by those whom the law hurt. The fact that these laws may be unpleasant for some furnishes no excuse for disobedience. We cannot measure our good citizenship by obedience to laws that we like,

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but by our obedience to those made for the public good even though they may hurt. This was the statement enunciated by Mr. Hughes before he was Secretary of State, and is doctrine as sound as Holy Writ. Every personal and property right which we enjoy is made possible because there is a law which safeguards it. Every guarantee of life and liberty in the pursuit of happiness is made secure under the law. The man or woman who will accept all of these blessings of government and then insist upon the right to destroy the laws which he does not like, is in as indefensible a position as the slacker who fails his country in the hour when it needs him most.

Our form of government furnished adequate means for a majority to change both the Constitutional and statutory enactments which are in effect at any time. No one challenges the right of the people to do this. To defy these laws, however, or to take away the legal enactments by which the Constitution can be enforced, is an entirely different proposition.

In his great address on Memorial Day the President said:

> Here was the great experiment—popular government and constitutional union—menaced by greed expressed in human chattels. . . . When it challenged Federal authority and threatened the Union it pronounced its own doom. . . . A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or despotism.

The required constitutional majority of the people of the United States, in the onward march of progress toward a better civilization, has abolished the beverage liquor traffic which was characterized by the Supreme Court years ago as a "source of crime and misery to society". A minority in the name of personal liberty and individual freedom insists that the Prohibition Amendment shall not be made operative and effective. This issue must be met by the American people. When the right of a self-governing people to enforce its own laws enacted by the orderly processes of Government is challenged, the conflict must be without quarter until the supremacy of the law is the undisputed master of the field.

WAYNE B. WHEELER.

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COAL TOWN

BY MALCOLM COWLEY

They scarred the hillside here to build a town;
Gaunt above slag and cinder, and despising
The paint-splashed cabins, gray and muddy brown,
The tipple looms—vast, black, uncompromising.

All day the wagons lumber past; the wide
Squat wheels hub deep; the horses strained and still;
The headlong rain pours down all day to hide
The blackened stumps, the ulcerated hill.

O Beauty! All my life I loved you fiercely;
And even in this sordid place, where rain
Drips desolately from all the eaves, and scarcely
A leaf sprouts, and the earth is wracked with pain,
Beauty is pounding, hammering through my brain.

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ANOTHER SPRING

BY JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

I'm glad you made me live again;
And woke the blood within my veins,
Just as the sap at April rains
Starts upward in the tree.
I'm glad you struck the spark again
And fanned it into leaping fire:
I thought all semblance of desire
Had long since died in me.

I don't expect you'll understand
Just what it means to watch Life go—
To watch your pulse beat running low—
Ah, that is bitter learning!
I don't suppose you'll understand
How Life could be all irony,
And Death could play a melody
To set your heart strings yearning.

But I had watched these things so long
Before you came to walk my way;
I scarce believed, to hear you say,
That fire ever came from ash.
And I had felt these things so long,
That when you promised you would bring
Me once again the light of Spring,
I smiled and thought your promise rash.

But I am glad that I was wrong,
Since you fulfilled the vow you made.
Before—I faced Death unafraid
Because I thought it was my lot.
And I am glad that I was wrong.
I still look unafraid at Death—
But there is vigor in my breath.
I thought I was half dead—
I see I'm not!

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THE LORD CHANCELLOR PREPARES HIS OPINION

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

My Lords, this is a clear unmuddied case—

A clear unmuddied case! If ever stream
Of pure judicial reasoning bore down
More silt and wreckage of the heart's unease
Than this thin rill! But let the sarcasm stand;
It serves at least to thrust me on the cause
Full running, in a careless jogging start,
Ahead of fox and beagles, horn uplift,
Toot-tootling at full breath, as one who knows
Before the hunt's up where the brush will fall.

My Lords, this is a clear unmuddied case.
The plaintiff is a lady of the Court,
A maid of honor to Her Majesty and known
By beauty's rumor far as Tyne and Tweed.

By beauty's rumor—there I've found myself
With just the breath of satire; not one tone
Of all the tones her beauty struck in me,
Leaving me jangling like a belfry bell
Under a thrust of thunder.

She impleads
The courts of equity to have relief
Against defendant, in that he has made
A full heroic picture of herself,
Likest Diana, with the curved moon's arc
Crowning her head, and in her hand a spear;
No adjective beside to qualify
The fact of her—

Ah, there's another touch
To throw them off the scent. They'll nudge and say
"My lord is mellow": they will never dream
How that still beauty on the canvas caught,

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Caught and held fast, as in the brain sometimes
A gesture of the soul is caught and held,—
How that still beauty stopped my mouth with awe,
And left my poor brain gaping. Like a tree,
A birch tree, shining in a windy place
Where blown and shattered leaves of sunlight fall,
And grasses ripple and the flooding blue
Seems to engulf the world; or like a wave
That tips with foam and flowering in the sea,
Drives on before the wind, a curve of sound
And failing flame of water, such intents
This phrase of mine obscures:

No adjective
Beside to qualify the fact of her.
The paint once dried, defendant made demand
For sums, excess of reason, which, refused,
The painter had his shameless painting set
Within the windows of a coffee house,
That all who paid might see and all who saw,
Knowing her face,—it was a replica
Most exquisite exact, her counsel saith,—
Might stand and stare. To this so-stated bill
Defendant has demurred.

So stands the cause.
My Lords, here is no ground for equity.
It is established from the earliest days
That save a man be injured in his purse,
Or in his lands, or in his common right,
He may not plead the Chancellor for aid.
And here what right is injured? Are there fees
And rents and profits in a replica?
Is beauty such a thing as this grave court,
Accustomed to the solid weight of trade,
Apt to divide with cold appraising eye
The estates of merchants, and maintain the scales
Against the shrewd in barter, long enured
To holding lands and livings in its trusts—
Is beauty such a value as we know?
Shall we weigh symmetry in sterling's worth?
Shall equity protect a woman's throat
Against the painter's interest in his paint?
The bill should be dismissed.

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Ah, that's well done,
That's very well. I see them nod and bow
And echo what I've said; I see—I see—
Nay nothing but a beauty such as time
In all its ebb and flow against this earth
Has never yet tossed, like a tinted shell,
High on the echoing beaches that look out
Toward the faint lights of the voyaging stars.

INTERVALS

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

I shall make offering in a new basket of marsh-grass
Curved like a conch-shell, sharp with salt echoes,
Two long handles like looped arms.
Untamed things shall I bring to the god of gardens,
Plum-blossom, sweet-olive and thyme,
Tang of small figs, gone wild in deserted gardens,
Most subtle of trees as the serpent is subtlest of beasts,
Slouched on the heat-soaked walls . . .
I shall lay them under the weary, appraising eyes,
The cynical, musical fingers
That rest on the goat-thighs.
Let me give him, O Pan,
All in the way of love—
The new, keen edge of difference,
The wonder of being together,
And the wild taste of immemorial marsh-grass.
But in the intervals,
When the lover is gone and only the comrade remains,
Pan, have mercy!
Teach me to talk like a man!

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PAUL AND TWO WOMEN

I

ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

Honoria

to her brother, Sulpicius, Greeting:

I HAVE some good news to send you and also an extraordinary personal experience to tell you about. They are connected, and I will give you the news first. Felicia and Calpurnius have straightened out their difficulties and are living the sort of married life which is worthy of the family. I have thought so often lately how happy Mother would have been if she could have seen Felicia conquering a difficulty with dignity and self-control. Calpurnius has been very fine on his side, and it is deeply satisfying to watch their restored happiness and to see the adornment that it is to their outside life. I was sorry in my last letter to give you such an anxious report of them, and I feel sure that you will be as glad as I am to know that they are living once more in a reasonable and decent way.

But I mustn't let such a cold phrase end my story! I think I used that sentence to show you in your coldest mood how real this improvement is. As an actual fact, I could astonish you by bursting into a pæan on the change that seems to have swept over Felicia's nature. She no longer exhausts Calpurnius with moods and whims, but shows something of Mother's dignity and serenity in her relations with him. And then there is added—how shall I put it?—a new sort of gaiety which seems to bubble out of some inner spring of contentment. It is a perfectly charming thing to see. She is sweeter than she ever was, and peculiarly lovely to look at. She is finer, too, as a mother. You know how worried I have been over my little Felicla, left to

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grow carelessly without any shaping hand. Felicia is spending more time with her herself, and she has dismissed the clever but rather dangerous young attendant whom she had for her. Instead, she has secured a splendid governess, a distant connection of Calpurnius's Aunt Victoria. At last I feel completely satisfied about her sense of responsibility for her child.

Now, how do you suppose this happened? Dear brother of mine, it is a great comfort to know that you will really be interested in what I am going to tell you. How often, across lands and seas, your thoughts and mine have flown toward each other! I wonder if you think as often as I do of the old days at home when Felicia was little and you and I were already growing up, and of how Father used to talk to us both together about the books he was reading and the things he was thinking about, and then we would discuss it all over again from our own point of view while we were tramping around the country at Frascati, or in the winter evenings in the city in the schoolroom, when Mother and Father were out for dinner, and we had got rid of the servants. I wonder just what mood you will be in when this letter reaches you, off there in Egypt! Will it be imperially born of the public affairs and questions of state that crowd into your office? Or will it be keen-eyed and speculative, springing from a stimulating and racy hour of talk with your Greek friends? Or will you be a bit amused, a bit curious, and more than a bit meditative because you have come in from watching the Egyptian populace at some public religious ceremonial, which spells truth to them and nothing at all to you? Anyhow, whatever you have been doing, send your mind back home for an hour! I want to write to you intimately of an intimate thing, and so I am trying to tempt you back into our old family interchange of thought. How thankful I am that I have no doubt of your wanting to meet me!

Well, I was going to tell you about what changed Felicia. It was an idea, and it was an idea not suggested by me or by anyone whom you could imagine. In fact, she rejected everything that we could say to her. Then her new little maid, Irene, a mere servant, a girl from their Sabine village, said this thing which seems to be transforming Felicia from an undisciplined, foolish

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girl bent on disaster into a tranquil and beautiful woman. Irene happened to tell her one day about a new religion which had shown her the way out of some family difficulties (I suppose they have them!)—the religion of a certain Jesus Christ. Irene made the great point that its chief requirement is love, and she put it in such a way that Felicia impulsively acted upon it and became reconciled with Calpurnius just at the most critical moment in their relations. What struck me at first was that it was so like Felicia to act on impulse! The result in this case, I thought to myself, was certainly excellent, but the same impulsiveness might lead her astray a hundred other times. Then little by little—for I have waited two months before telling you—I have come to believe that the impulse, whatever it was, is lasting on and is shaping Felicia's life in varied and significant ways. Of course, the swift reconciliation, the finding out that she and Calpurnius really were lovers, played its part in the experience. Evidently it gave Felicia a curious sort of confidence in Irene, and the girl certainly is a lovely young creature, the pure charm of whose own life it is impossible to deny. It seems that, through Irene, Felicia has come to know other followers of this new faith. They are higher up than Irene,—an extraordinary democracy prevails among them,—but by no means in our own class. However, they have made a great impression upon Felicia, especially one older woman who evidently reaches the child's heart as nobody has since Mother died. To my astonishment, Felicia has succeeded in interesting Calpurnius in her ideas. He has not gone with her to any of the Christian meetings, but he is, I think, sympathetic with her lively interest in them.

Felicia, as you know, has nothing of the fanatic in her, and I doubt if many of her own set will ever know of her change of religion, whether or not they notice any change in herself. Religion in general is so left out of their scheme of life that they don't waste any effort in questioning each other's! And Felicia will always live pleasantly and charmingly with her social group. But in her own household, where she rules, she is perfectly definite, and Felicla, with the consent of Calpurnius, is being trained in the "new way". One morning I found her being taught a little prayer which ended "for Jesus Christ's sake". Perhaps it seems

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less extraordinary to you than it did at the time to me. I know that life in the East has given you sympathy with differences in religious belief, and that the addition of one more form of worship or another would not surprise you—even possibly in your own family. I was so much interested in what you wrote once, during your first months in Egypt—that living close to another religion had effectually cured you of taking your own for granted, and had indeed aroused in you a general interest in religion which you did not know you possessed. "If Isis, then why Juno, and if Juno, then why Isis?"

Do you begin to see that I am feeling for a path of approach to your mind and understanding? I warned you in the first sentence of this letter that I had had myself an extraordinary experience. Now I must gather my courage and try to convey it to you.

Felicia introduced to me her new friend, the older woman to whom I referred. This Anna, with her son Rufus, is on intimate terms with the man who is recognized by the Christians as their leader. This man—it is like a list of *dramatis personæ*, isn't it!—this protagonist, so to speak, is a prisoner of the Prætorian Guards—a Jew sent over here from Jerusalem because he appealed to Cæsar when his own people brought him to trial for disturbing the peace with a new set of ideas. Now Anna made a great impression on me and what she told me about this Paul made a great impression, and I decided to go and talk directly with him. The imperial government seems to be very liberal with him; Burrus makes no objections to his receiving visitors in his lodging at any time. I went quite alone—you can imagine how horrified old Davus was when I gave him the address and how grieved he was when I made him stay outside with the other Sedan men! Also, by what I understand was unusual good fortune, I found Paul alone except for the guard to whom he was linked. A group of Jews, leaving just as I came, were gesticulating and talking with apparent violence as they came through the door. I felt curiously isolated from every other fact of my life when I walked alone into a prisoner's room, in order to talk fundamentals with a man of whom I knew so little and who knew of me absolutely nothing. It was as if his

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bonds insured my freedom. He was still standing, having just said "good-bye" to his other visitors, and he asked me courteously to sit down when I told him that I was a Roman woman who wanted to talk with him about the religion that he was preaching; I did not use Anna's name, because I wanted to preserve for myself the unique separateness of my act. In arranging our chairs, he was very considerate of the young soldier fastened to him, and I noticed that the boy's eyes watched him with devotion. We talked Greek, of course. He speaks it absolutely without accent, and much more idiomatically than I do. I wish that I could describe the man to you! I shall never forget him so long as I live. He is thin, and does not seem robust physically, but his body betrays constantly an active, nervous energy. He is slightly bald and has a long, pointed beard. His face has in it a curious power. His nose is characteristically Jewish, but somehow gives a sort of massive strength to the head. The eyes are deep set, under close and prominent eyebrows, very penetrating, very full of light and fire, in spite of a certain sorrow which seems to be ambushed in them. His voice is cultivated, and I soon made up my mind that his friend was right in telling me that he was a scholar and thinker. It was indeed on that basis that I opened the talk. It would not have been fair to let him think for a moment that I was laden with a secret trouble as I imagine many must be who come to him. Telling him frankly what had interested me in his new ideas, I asked him if he would explain them to me more in detail.

Nobody came to interrupt us for almost an hour, and I shall always count that hour as the intensest one of my life.

I cleared the decks at once by explaining that the religion of the people was nothing to me and that in philosophy I was more or less of an eclectic, with both temperamental and reasoned leanings toward the Stoa. And then we talked—yes, I suppose we talked—about Stoicism and Epicureanism, and his own Christianity, and the Isis worship, and the cult of Cybele—certainly these names and many others passed and repassed between us. But as we went on I became conscious of a pulsing something, a vital breath, like a wind rising on the languid air, a stir and rush of thought. The matter was no longer in my own

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hands. Through the intellectual discussion which I had started pierced the realization that this man had no time for the husk, the rind, the cramping cover of ideas. He had accepted my terms at first merely for the sake of reaching my mind with a ray of the new light which, like some undreamed of primal element, has created for him—the words are his own—a new earth and a new heaven.

I have heaped up my figures of speech in seeking to convey to you an impression. But it is the figure of light that I must leave in your imagination! Paul himself used it constantly, as if seeking to cleave an obscurant sky. Vividly, at every turn, he made the contrast between darkness and light. The contrasts insisted upon by our systems of thought have always interested me. Here are our Roman State and family dividing the pious from the impious, according to their obedience or disobedience to the obligations of an established religion. Here are the Stoics judging us by our submission to or our rebellion against the universal law of Nature. Virgil saw on the one hand the man who bows to the decrees of Destiny, and on the other the man who futilely resists them, victim of his own passions. Lucretius scorned the blind credulity of the religious, and urged upon us the freedom born of scientific knowledge. And so on and on—each system has its own measure of division. But this man I was talking with, this prisoner bound to one of our soldiers, was visioning on the one side a whole world in darkness and on the other the illuminated ones, the children of light, who recognize a new law of Love. Darkness and light, darkness and light —these words he used over and over, until a strange sensation befell me. I seemed to see myself coming down, down through long and dusky corridors of thought, to find at the end the open sky and wide sunlit spaces, and the radiance and freshness of a day that would never die.

But I must leave my sensations and try more intelligibly to pass on to you the ideas that emerged from the conversation. This, however, will be a difficult thing to do because the ideas for Paul focused and centered in a person, to me unknown and even incomprehensible. The person is little Irene's Jesus Christ—assuming heroic proportions when he is reflected through a brain

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like Paul's. Do you ask me if he is a god, like Osiris, like Isis, springing from the East and appearing in Rome? I lightly assumed that when I first heard of him—I was patient with Felicia only because the results of a new cult were so delightful. Anna, however, gave me the impression of worshiping in human terms the remembered life of a man so good and so richly endowed with personality that he became for others a norm and an inspiration. I remember once hearing Seneca say that one of the most practical ways of living well was to pick out a master—Cato, for example, if you liked an austere one, or some gentler Lælius—and follow him. Choose one, he said, whose own life has satisfied you and then picture him always to yourself as guide and as pattern. "You can never straighten a crooked thing"—his vivid phrase stayed by me—"unless you use a ruler." Anna seemed to me to have found in Jesus the sort of "ruler" recommended by our arch-Stoic. This is amazing when you consider the quite uninteresting facts of His life as they give them to you. He was a common workman who lived some thirty years ago in Palestine. He evidently had a religious mission and native powers of persuasion, because, when He could get time from His work, He went about from village to village, acquiring a following among the lower classes. But His ideas were obnoxious to the authorities—revolutionary, I imagine—and after a while they crucified Him in Jerusalem as a dangerous character. Whether He was an agitator or not, He seems to have made upon His immediate friends and followers an indelible impression which they have passed on to those who never saw Him.

To me, as you will readily understand, all this did not seem particularly interesting—perhaps I am too cold for hero worship, too indifferent to personal judgments to put my mind, however inferior, into anyone else's keeping. Seneca's advice caught my attention without persuading me. I have always yielded more easily to abstractions and principles of thought than to their exemplification, usually so inadequate, in some specific personality. So I had dismissed Anna's feeling for Jesus about as lightly as I dismissed Irene's.

But with Paul I had no choice, in that hour which he dominated. I received an extraordinary impression, connected with that other

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impression of which I just spoke. It was as if, whenever and wherever I emerged from darkness, I found a Person clothed in light, from whose touch sprang the radiant and immortal day. At any rate (for I must again rein myself in with terms comprehensible to you), I recognized that this Jesus becomes the central point of all that Paul teaches. Just how far He is to him a master in Seneca's sense, or a divine personage, was not clear to me. Sometimes I thought he was talking of a personal friend, and sometimes of an idea, according to Plato's use of the word. Certainly every question of mine led to Jesus Christ. As far as I can make out, on thinking it over, the two words taken together indicate the Personality which, in Paul's thought, animates all laws and principles of life. The "law of love", the "law of spirit"—whatever law emerged in our conversation—was transformed from an abstraction into an issue of man's highest personality. I am sure there is a Platonic strain in it somewhere, as if among the Ideas laid up in heaven were that of a perfect humanity, made known to consciousness, and hence usable as a pattern, under a specific name. The transition from the good carpenter in Palestine, whom Paul had only heard of, to an all-animating Personality seems to have been made by way of a resurrection after crucifixion. This whole matter, however, is obscure to me. The particular story is absurd on the face of it. Yet Paul reiterated that he preached "Jesus" crucified, and also that if "Christ" had not risen from the grave, then all his preaching was in vain. I cannot tell you what he meant. I have no idea now, nor had I then. Only then—*then*—and this was another strange part of that strange hour's experience—I was burned by the man's eyes, set astir by his voice, shaken by a passion that sheathed him like a flame, swept onward by gusts of thought that seemed to rise from the recesses of life itself.

But you know me well enough to know that this vicarious emotion of mine was momentary. The gusts passed, leaving me still in pursuit of a clear path of understanding. And it was in this quieter mood that I received my final impressions from Paul. It is because of them that I am writing to you at all. As we talked on I saw that much that these Christians teach is old and familiar. Monotheism, certainly, is philosophically assumed by

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most of us, in spite of the motley forms of our apparent religion. Also the assumption of an Eternal Purpose behind all phenomena is good Stoic dogma. As for "kindness" to people about you—why, you remember the Stoic phrase Mother liked so much—"for mortal to help mortal, that is God." Socrates in prison for conscience's sake four hundred years ago was just as considerate toward his jailer as this prisoner seems to be. The immortality of the soul—when hasn't somebody believed in it! I confess I don't, but Plato seems to have convinced himself of the proposition! All kinds of virtues, courage, honesty, temperance, faithfulness to duty—certainly we Romans don't need to be taught these things from Jerusalem. Even the curious mystical idea that Paul seemed once to suggest, of a divine person dying to save others as a sort of atonement, is not new. I found that long ago in my Greek studies, and I remember that you wrote of it once in commenting on the Isis worship. Over against all your Oriental cults, however, and over against Hellenic Orphism, Paul's religion, as he explained it, seemed to me to have an especially fine element. Whatever it is, it is not a doctrine only for initiates while others are left outside. I liked the value that Paul assigned to every single individual. He said it was a corollary of the fact that Jesus Christ died for and saved the meanest as well as the highest. At any rate, I liked the clean breath of it all, the sweeping away of secrets, the free passage of the "light" to every man, woman, and child, rich or poor, learned or ignorant.

But I was speaking of the familiarity, in one form or another, of many of the specific things mentioned by Paul. And yet, Sulpicius, little by little the conviction grew upon me that here was a way of thinking and a way of acting stupendously new. I had a vision of a city different from Plato's or Zeno's or any other, fresh as a new planet that dawns upon our eyes. It seemed radiant with new things—with the new man, the new law, the new hope, the new joy, the new fruits of a new spirit. These words dropped constantly from the lips of Paul. I began to yield to them. I felt as if I were casting off one old garment after another, and would in the end find myself face to face with a new self living a new life.

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Life—*life*, that, Sulpicius, is the word that took root in me that day, and may—who knows?—come to flower. Every Christian I have met seems to me to be amazingly alive. Vitality is their common possession. Even Irene has it, in a young and gentle way. It ripples through her like a little brook. In Felicia it is like a new fountain opened up to flood a shallow pool. In Anna this stream swells to a deep and tranquil river. In Paul it surges and engulfs like a mighty torrent. As far as I can make out, they have this life because they draw it out of eternal things and conceive it to flow on toward eternal things. They themselves would say that it springs from God in Jesus Christ, and seeks God in Jesus Christ. They all—except Paul, of course, who sits there apart in forced inaction—they all keep right on living the littlest sort of everyday life. But I think that they live it in the presence of God and of eternity. I am aware that philosophers have preached some such sort of abstraction as this, but I must confess to you that I have never before in my whole life seen one individual, not even Mother, who was doing it as these Christians are. They seem set free from every inhibition, as if an inexhaustible power were there to draw upon, in proportion to the size of the cup that nature permits them to hold at the fountain's source.

It is late, and I have written this with my own hand. The lamp—the bronze one with the doves on it—do you remember?—burns low. Are you close to me in the shadows of the room, heart of my heart, or have I long since driven you away? Do you question me? No, I am not going to tell you that I have become a Christian. I shall never go with Felicia to Christian homes and meetings. I fancy I could not stand their words. Nor shall I go back to Paul. But I have seen a star rising in the darkness; I have seen a fountain gushing in the sunlight. Goodbye, and may all good things be yours. Felicia and Calpurnius spoke of you especially this morning and sent their affectionate greetings. Felicla wants you to come home soon, and bring her an ivory doll, and a baby crocodile—please!

Your Honoria.

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TALKING FOR VICTORY

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

He who talks for victory is the happiest and most stimulating of mortals. He strives neither to speak the truth nor to be profound. For there dwells within him an awareness that truth does not flow from clear waters and reason, as well as beauty, rides upon the foam. He may be a man of devoutness, but when he talks he kneels only before the altar of mind. Therefore, though he may be steeped in prejudice, this prejudice in talking is to choose the side that offers momentary resistance. And if he is confuted, it does not greatly matter; to-morrow the confuters will be easy prey—they always run in the furrow. Not that he yields lightly—nothing is further from his purpose. In worshiping mind, he comes more and more to realize its limitlessness, and he therefore battles for his opinions furiously. One who takes mind for his champion is fairly unconquerable.

To one who talks for victory, the paradox is a serviceable weapon. He never seeks it; it lies with its handle toward him. He always hits upon what is superfluous and spendthrift, what is unnecessary and inconceivable; these are the officers of the mind. The expedient and the necessary succor only the body. His relation to truth is therefore an openmindedness, for truth will not be coddled and sought for; she is various, her chief comrade is integrity; she visits only those who are scarred. Thus he who talks for victory tears asunder the barriers of ancient truths—he scatters them about him; they are to him mere impediments. He rides between the wings of his own assertions; his Pegasus is both the seeker and the sought.

One who talks for victory is not solicitous that his words be recorded. There will be record enough of them, for there are always men about with cups, and if what falls into these cups be crystalline, they cherish it. But to record adequately victorious talk, the recorders themselves must be men of radiance, and their

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quality is always different from that of the talker, so that the record is sifted twice, through two ecstatic souls. The third sifting comes from the reader.

Of the many records of victorious talk, I think of two, those of a Greek and of an Englishman; in the first instance, the recorder was a renowned philosopher, in the second, a rather negligible man of the world; both were sovereign artists. And in many respects the Britisher seems to have had the advantage. Socrates knows rather cannily whither his talk is leading; there is too little waste in his assertions—their sequence is too well thought out, the asides too adroit, too finished; too artistically careless. Thus, although there is no doubt that the rough Socrates is there, abundant room is left for the regal Plato; it is share and share alike, thoughts sifted through the minds of peers. Boswell, on the other hand, is free of the preoccupations of Plato; his philosophy is of the slightest tissue imaginable—it would do service for a collegian. Thus he is the more attentive to his hero's personality; his posture is that of a disciple. Boswell protests against talking for victory; he catches his master in contradictions; he rambles off into irrelevancies; yet so vital is his artistic impulse that a genuine portrait crowns his pages. You can see his hero in every gesture; the recorder's mind is of clay; it takes the slightest imprint of its subject. And yet withal there is selection—talk unrecorded; you leave the banquet at its height.

"To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition."

A Dutchman inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture in order to force a confession. But Johnson was ready for this as for the Inquisition. "Why, Sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered as a favor to an accused person; for no man is put to the torture there, unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment than those who are tried among us."

This is the victorious method; it is talk of pure rapture, but

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not quite in the manner in which it is recorded by Plato. To be sure, Plato was not writing the life of Socrates. His account is the epic of a philosopher; Boswell's of a man.

Johnson's aggressiveness was not self-conscious; his vigorous mind drove him of its own exigency into battle. He fostered opponents, he hunted them from their hiding places, dragged them into the arena. Two or three citadels he defended at all hazards—piety, Toryism and clean language. And yet even here the weakly good did not venture far; Johnson could too easily prick the bubble of impotence.

Johnson burned his bridges behind him; retreat was impossible. In health or in sickness he had no qualms of having borne heavily upon an adversary. "What harm does it do any man to be contradicted?" he asked. "Who is the worse for being harshly treated? I do not know weak-nerved people." "When I was ill," he said, "I desired he would tell me sincerely in what he thought my life was faulty. Sir, he brought me a sheet of paper on which he had written down several texts of Scripture, recommending Christian charity. And when I questioned him what occasion I had given for such an animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this, that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation." "It was a scene for a comedy," said Sir Joshua; "a penitent in a violent passion belaboring his confessor." And Burke remarked: "It is well if when a man comes to die he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in conversation."

Talking for victory is out of place between two intimates. The flights of words in the study and at the club are not commensurable. One does not groom a family horse for the race track. Furthermore talking for victory entails no pedantry. The astonishing monologues of Macaulay did not stimulate his hearers for long; when they had got used to him, they were not averse to the ebbing of the tide. Possibly Carlyle might have talked well for victory. One condition, however, he lacked; there is a question whether he was clubable. A real talker for victory must be cognizant of taverns; he must fit into the leisure that ale houses demand. There is a suggestion, not absolute, that the club Carlyle belonged to was for mutual improvement. Nobody

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frequented the Mermaid, or Will's, or the Mitre for culture. Men gathered about those boards for fellowship and joy, and the talk was pure delight and victory.

It is creative talk, talk for adventure. There is no preparation for it; it springs spontaneously from a virile mind. It may be that the mistress of a salon plots whither the conversation is to lead, yet she herself is a mere arbiter. She dangles the bait, which is seized and torn by her ravenous guests. Thus the victorious talker holds with the artists. Whatever his vocation may be, whether he be a man of science, a student of politics, a philosopher, when he and his comrades meet in fellowship, the humdrum of life is sloughed away; he goes fishing into the very depth of his consciousness; he fares into new seas, overtakes undreamed of argosies,—fleets laden with plunder,—and he ushers them home with him, scattering their wealth lavishly about him. He is a shepherd pasturing his thoughts; he sees them take form and value, or rather these thoughts seek him, for excellence is always striving for expression and beauty; he and his thoughts call to one another for a rendezvous which they may denominate home. He puts in the window a candle—they come, they come; they are diverse, headstrong, shy, but his light beckons them to the fold.

The talker for victory never says to himself: "Ah, to-day I shall confute that man." He never knows whether he is to agree or not; the side he takes is not for him to choose, it belongs to the occasion.

The victorious talker therefore treads the path of freedom. He is not bound by usage; he is spontaneous, unprecedented; his originality rests solely upon character. His contradictions are gossamers flung off to the wind. The limits of logic do not oppress him—he harbors a rich faith in doubts. His words, like creatures of art, have no object beyond themselves. No system harries him; he systematizes rapture. His love of triumph gives triumph charm. Self awareness is his goal; his words are a challenge to the depths of consciousness. The hour is in his grasp, the moment exultant. His carack rocks upon vast seas, and in steering for a new passage drops anchor at a continent.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

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CHAPONE, GREGORY, AND PENNINGTON

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

If we wish to recreate for ourselves the intimate life of our forbears—their manners, thoughts, ideals, the intellectual and spiritual climate in which they lived and moved—we must look for it not in official histories but in the diaries, albums, fiction, sermons, and books of moral instruction in which, being bent on other matters than conscious history, they give themselves away, so to speak, at every turn. Such a work is *Chapone, Gregory, and Pennington:* a book whose sub-title is not, but certainly should be, *The Perfect Ingénue.* Nowhere is there a more complete portrait—I had almost said, exposure—of the ideal Miss of the period between the middle of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The book was published, but not written, in 1844. It is the trinity in unity of three works, one composed over eighty, and the others seventy, years earlier; and it is an astounding and significant fact that they should have enjoyed popularity for the better part of a century. The books in question are *Letters On The Improvement Of The Mind, A Father's Legacy To His Daughters,* and *An Unfortunate Mother's Advice To Her Absent Daughters,* three masterpieces of which Chapone, Gregory and Pennington were respectively the authors. "The reception they have met with from the public," says the preface, referring to the first two members of the trinity, "is the best criterion of their merit" (and, it might be added, of their public), "so that it would be as useless to censure as it is unnecessary to praise either of these productions." I am inclined to agree, and shall content myself for the most part with investigating, comparing, and quoting, for, though it sometimes becomes impossible to refrain from censure, the productions themselves, if given a fair chance, can generally be trusted to damn themselves without external help.

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Mrs. Chapone, author of *Letters On The Improvement Of The Mind*, addressed to a beloved niece, was a friend of the famous Mrs. Montague, of whom Dr. Johnson remarked: "Mrs. Montague has dropped me. Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by." The sprightly and irreverent Fanny Burney gives us a glimpse of her in her *Diary:*

> My father and mother and Jemm and I went one evening last week to the Dean of Winchester's, where we met Mrs. Chapone, who looked less forbidding than usual: but she is deadly ugly to be sure: such African nose and lips, and such a clunch figure! "Poor Chappy, she's so ugly you know!" Mr. Seward says.

Fanny's mind, it is to be feared, had escaped improvement at the hands of Mrs. Chapone. But fifteen or sixteen years later her feelings towards Chappy had grown more kindly. "Mrs. Chapone herself," she wrote in 1783, "is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agrémens* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love, as well as admire and esteem her." As Miss Mulso, Mrs. Chapone had the honor, Bozzy tells us, of contributing "four billets" to Number Ten of Johnson's *Rambler*. The *Letters On The Improvement Of The Mind* were first published in 1773. A later edition, published in Edinburgh, misprints the author's name as "Champone", thus implying a stimulation and sparkle which her works are far from containing. "At an early age," our already-quoted preface tells us, "she exhibited proofs of a very superior understanding. Her first production was an *Ode to Peace*"—a poem which (the preface fails to mention) does much to reconcile one to war.

Dr. Gregory, author of *A Father's Legacy To His Daughters*, first published in 1774, was "a physician of great skill and eminence". He was Professor of Philosophy at King's College, Aberdeen, and later went to London, was made an F. R. S., and "obtained the friendship of many distinguished persons, particularly Lord Lyttelton and Mrs. Montague". In 1787 we find Dorothy Wordsworth writing from Penrith to her friend Jane Pollard:

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I have a very pretty collection of books from my brothers, which they have given me. I will give you a catalogue. I have the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Pope's *Works*, Fielding's *Works*, Hayley's *Poems*, *Gil Blas*, Dr. Gregory's *Letters* to his daughters.

Of Lady Pennington, the author of *An Unfortunate Mother's Advice To Her Absent Daughters*, I know little. It is clear, however, that it was her ladyship rather than her daughters who was absent, for a family explosion, it appears, removed her from the Pennington household. Later editions omit *Unfortunate* from the title, whether with a view to burying the unhappy scandal or because Lady Pennington subsequently had reason to congratulate, rather than to pity, herself on the exchange, I cannot say. Her book, first published in 1761 and apparently enlarged later, was the earliest of our three to appear.

Mrs. Chapone was first bound up with Dr. Gregory in 1808, and in 1844, as we have seen, their individuality was still further diluted by the intrusion of Lady Pennington.

The book, thus combined, is naturally not always unanimous. Chappy sometimes recommends what Lady Pennington scowls at, and one can imagine that any of our great-aunts who in her callow days pinned too absolute a faith on *Chapone, Gregory, and Pennington* may, among the three of them, have been sadly perplexed. Dr. Gregory's daughters, too, have an unfair pull over the Misses Pennington and Chappy's niece in the fact that their adviser is masculine, so that Dr. Gregory's advice, when it differs from the other two, must be looked upon not merely as a contradiction but as a corrective, like the famous "Mixture" invented by his son James which made the name of Gregory to stink in all the nurseries of England.

So much for our authors. Let us now turn to their works and begin, very properly, with religion. Mrs. Chapone, after some instruction in how not to practise religion, adds a useful hint. "Nor," she says, "do those act on surer principles who think to gain the favor of God by senseless enthusiasm and frantic raptures." With this Dr. Gregory is fully in accord. "Avoid," he advises the Misses Gregory, "all grimace and ostentation in your religious duties." But in their notions of the nature of religion they differ profoundly. "Religion," says the Doctor,

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"is rather a matter of sentiment than of reasoning." Chappy thinks otherwise: "As you advance in years and understanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourself the evidences of the Christian religion, and be convinced, on rational grounds, of its divine authority." But all three of our authors agree that religion is a sound investment. Writes Lady Pennington:

> A person who has once experienced the advantages of a right action will be led by the motive of present self-interest, as well as by future expectation, to the continuance of it. There is no injunction of Christianity that a sincere Christian, by obedience, will not find is so calculated as to be directly, in some measure, its own reward.

How ill-advised, how insane, a young lady would be to abandon her religious faith we learn from Dr. Gregory:

> Women are greatly deceived when they think that they recommend themselves to our sex by their indifference about religion. Even those men who are themselves unbelievers, dislike infidelity in you. Every man who knows human nature connects a religious taste in your sex, with softness and sensibility of heart: at least we always consider the want of it as a proof of that hard and masculine spirit which, of all your faults, we dislike the most. Besides, men consider your religion as one of their principal securities for that female virtue in which they are most interested.

For Heaven's sake, then, let us bring up our daughters to be religious! But there are other qualities besides religion which every young lady who hopes for success with the sterner sex must carefully cultivate. The Doctor has already mentioned two—softness and sensibility of heart—and all our authors are definite on the indispensability of delicacy, propriety, elegance, and reserve. The Doctor writes again:

> One of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. . . . When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt: but in yours it is perpetually engaging.

"Gentleness, meekness, and patience," says Chappy of her sex, "are her peculiar distinctions, and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature."

In advising the Misses Gregory on their choice of amusements,

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the Doctor says: "You may indulge the variety of your tastes in these, while you keep within the bounds of that propriety which is suitable to your sex."

From Mrs. Chapone on the subject of the dinner-table one discovers a hint of gradations among these virtues. "In your table," she says, "as in your dress, and in all other things, I wish you to aim at propriety and neatness, or, if your state demands it, elegance, rather than superfluous figure." Elegance, then, it appears, is something a little less reserved than propriety. The Doctor does not seem to recognize this distinction:

> Let me recommend to your attention that elegance which is not so much a quality in itself as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter. . . .

To preserve these ethereal qualities the greatest precaution must be exercised, but even the most cautious maiden is never absolutely safe, for "virginity, purity, is of that delicate nature that it cannot hear certain things without contamination". Realizing this, one almost shudders when Mrs. Chapone lays it down that certain gentlemen (gentlemen, it is true, "whom your parents think it proper for you to converse with") are to be treated with "the same frankness and simplicity as if they were of your own sex". The Doctor allows an even more perilous latitude, for his daughters may not only dance but dance "with spirit"; though he gravely warns them:

> But never allow yourselves to be so far transported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your sex. Many a girl, dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to discover a spirit she little dreams of.

The Doctor glances, in passing, at the question of dress. "Dress," he says, "is an important article in female life. The love of dress is natural to you, and therefore it is proper and reasonable." That, I think, is a very dangerous deduction. Gaiety and innocence of heart are equally natural, but we have just seen to what pitfalls they may lead. The Doctor pursues:

> Good sense will regulate your expense in it, and good taste will direct you to dress in such a way as to conceal any blemishes, and to set off your beauties, if you have any, to the greatest advantage. . . . A fine woman shows her charms to most advantage when she seems most to conceal them. The finest bosom in nature is not so fine as what imagination forms.

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The Doctor, one sees, was a man of an opulent fancy. I have indicated that a young lady may dance and, if careful, may do so with spirit, but she would be mistaken in supposing that the object of dancing was mere enjoyment. Dancing, Mrs. Chapone tells us, is not only ornamental but also useful, useful in "forming and strengthening the body and improving the carriage". Walking and riding, too, are to be valued rather as means to health and attractiveness than for their own sake. Dr. Gregory writes:

I would particularly recommend to you those exercises that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, such as walking, and riding on horseback. This will give vigour to your constitutions, and a bloom to your complexions.

But even in good health there lurks a terrible danger:

Though good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it, but enjoy it in grateful silence. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description, in a way she is little aware of.

To Dr. Gregory's detestable exaltation of all the negative and feeble virtues, we find a faint protest from Mrs. Chapone; yet hardly a protest, rather a mere reminder that those virtues must not be carried beyond the credible:

There is nothing in which this self-deception is more notorious than in what regards sentiment and feeling. Let a vain young woman be told that tenderness and softness is the peculiar charm of the sex—that even their weakness is lovely, and their fears becoming—and you will presently observe her grow so tender as to be ready to weep for a fly; so fearful, that she starts at a feather; and so weak-hearted, that the smallest accident quite overpowers her. Her fondness and affection becomes fulsome and ridiculous; her compassion grows contemptible weakness; and her apprehensiveness the most abject cowardice: for, when once she quits the direction of Nature, she knows not where to stop, and continually exposes herself by the most absurd extremes.

Nothing so effectually defeats its own ends as this kind of affectation. . . .

Among the many other dangers which lie in wait for our ingénue is that of contamination from the lower orders. Chappy implores:

Above all things avoid intimacy with those of low birth and education, nor think it a mark of humility to delight in such society: for it much oftener pro-

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ceeds from the meanest kind of pride, that of being the head of the company, and seeing your companions subservient to you. . . . Your manners and faculties instead of improving, must be continually lowered to suit you to your companions: and, believe me, you will find it no easy matter to raise them again to a level with polite and well-informed people.

The greatest kindness and civility to inferiors is perfectly consistent with proper caution on this head.

Lady Pennington is no less emphatic:

Never descend to converse with those whose birth, education, and early views in life were not superior to a state of servitude: their minds being in general suited to their station, they are apt to be intoxicated by any degree of familiarity, and to become useless and impertinent.

In the sections on Love and Marriage I find some entrancing passages. Lady Pennington gives copious advice on the choice of a husband. The bare idea of choice savors more of *Man and Superman* than the passive rôle of the eighteenth century damsel: but Lady Pennington refers, I believe, to that choice open even to the most delicate maiden after she herself has been chosen. She ends her advice with the grim pronouncement, carrying, I think, the barb of a personal implication: "Great is the hazard of a mistake, and irretrievable the effects of it."

The Doctor, in his remarks on the subject, implies two appalling doctrines and, in the end, comes very close to contradicting himself:

I know nothing that renders a woman more despicable, than her thinking it essential to happiness to be married. Besides the gross indelicacy of the sentiment, it is a false one, as thousands of women have experienced. But, if it was true, the belief that it is so, and the consequent impatience to be married, is the most effectual way to prevent it.

Truth, then, should always be ignored unless it can be made to square with utility and delicacy: and there are certain truths which can be realized materially only by believing them to be false. Here is an ethical mess which I must leave to philosophers qualified to deal with such problems. Dr. Gregory continues:

You must not think from this that I do not wish you to marry: on the contrary, I am of opinion, that you may attain a superior degree of happiness in a married state, to what you can possibly find in any other.

When it comes to the delicate question as to when advice should be sought in the matter of love, we are perplexed to find

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Chappy and the Doctor once more at cross purposes. Chappy is definite. Parents should be warned at the very first symptom. "The time to consult them is before you have given a lover the least encouragement." The Doctor, on the other hand, following his conception of the innate insipidity of all decent women, lays it down thus, in words which surely drew a chuckle from even the most doe-like of his novitiates:

> There is another case in which I suspect it is proper to be secret, not so much from motives of prudence, as delicacy: I mean in love matters. . . . It is even long before a woman of delicacy dares avow to her own heart that she loves: and, when all the subterfuges of ingenuity to conceal it from herself fail, she feels a violence done both to her pride and her modesty.

Among Dr. Gregory's highly complicated and questionable reflections on marriage, a plain human sentiment shines out, by contrast, with an exaggerated radiance. "When I am so particular," he says, "in my advices about your conduct, I own my heart beats with the fond hope of making you worthy the attachment of men who will deserve you, and be sensible of your merit."

The day of the Georgian young lady was meticulously apportioned. Even Fanny Burney, the daughter of an unusually liberal and unrepressed household, conformed to the regulation. She writes in her diary at the age of fifteen or sixteen:

> I make a kind of rule never to indulge myself in my two most favourite pursuits, reading and writing, in the morning—no, like a very good girl I give that up wholly, accidental occasions and preventions excepted, to needle work, by which means my reading and writing in the afternoon is a pleasure I cannot be blamed for by my mother, as it does not take up the time I ought to spend otherwise.

The morning was always, I believe, devoted to improvement and the afternoon to diversion, and if you discover that one young lady did needlework in the morning and reading in the afternoon, and another, reading in the morning and needlework in the afternoon, this does not mean that the regulation was ever reversed but that there was a diversity of opinion on the appropriate classification of needlework and reading. For Lady Pennington, for example, needlework is a diversion. But perhaps Miss Burney's needlework was of the kind technically known as

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white sewing, whereas Lady Pennington's was clearly what would nowadays be called by the horrible name of art needlework. From Dr. Gregory we learn without surprise that needlework is not pursued for its own sake but for some entirely different reason:

> The intention of your being taught needlework, knitting, and such like, is not on account of the intrinsic value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling: but to enable you to judge more perfectly of that kind of work, and to direct the execution of it in others. Another principal end is to enable you to fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, some of the many solitary hours you must necessarily pass at home.

Here is Lady Pennington's programme for the proper employment of a day:

> It is an excellent method to appropriate the morning wholly to improvement: the afternoon may then be allowed to diversions. Under the last head, I place company, books of the amusing kind, and entertaining productions of the needle, as well as plays, balls, cards, etc., which more commonly go by the name of diversions: the afternoon and evening till supper may then be employed with innocence and propriety: but let not one of them ever be suffered to intrude on the former part of the day, which should always be devoted to more useful employment.

But these hours of diversion were not all beer and skittles. They were sometimes consumed in the detestable duty of visiting one's acquaintances:

> Part of the hours appropriated to relaxation must, of necessity, be less agreeably taken up in the paying and receiving visits of mere ceremony and civility: a tribute, by custom authorised, by good manners enjoined: in these, when the conversation is only insignificant, join in it with apparent satisfaction; talk of the elegance of a birthday suit, the pattern of a lace, the judicious assortment of jewels, the cut of a ruffle, or the set of a sleeve, with unaffected ease; not according to the rank which they hold in your estimation, but proportioned to the consequence they may be of in the opinion of those you are conversing with.

Among the other diversions, needlework which, to the casual view, appears harmless enough can (one is shocked to learn) become, if carried to excess, a vice capable of ruining a home. Lady Pennington allows the theatre, but only those plays—

> approved by persons of understanding and virtue, as calculated to answer the proper ends of the theatre, namely, that of conveying instruction in the

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most pleasing method. Attend to the sentiment, apply to the moral, and then you cannot, I think, pass an evening in a more entertaining diversion.

That this should be possible is entirely owing to "the indefatigable labor of the inimitable Mr. Garrick".

Lady Pennington is severe on novels. She says:

> Very few of these are worth the trouble of reading: some of them, perhaps, do contain a few good morals, but they are not worth the finding, where so much rubbish is intermixed. . . . Yet ridiculous as these fictitious tales generally are, they are so artfully managed as to excite an idle curiosity to see the conclusion, by which means the reader is drawn on, through a tiresome length of foolish adventures, from which neither knowledge, pleasure, or profit, seldom can accrue, to the common catastrophe of a wedding. . . . They are apt to give a romantic turn to the mind, which is often productive of great errors in judgment, and of fatal mistakes in conduct.

This, at a date when *Gulliver*, all Richardson, all Fielding, several of Smollett's novels, and at least half of *Tristram Shandy*, had already appeared, is a little sweeping. But Lady Pennington stretches a point "in justice to a late ingenious author," and recommends *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Chappy is slightly less intolerant, not so much because she disapproves less of fiction than Lady Pennington but because she is constitutionally more venturesome in her sanctions. Indeed she is inclined to regard fiction as a commodity like brandy, which no decent person would use for other than medicinal purposes. As usual, tremendous caution is recommended, and that golden rule of mediocrity, never to trust to your own judgment but always to somebody else's, is solemnly enjoined.

What then is the rule of life laid down by *Chapone, Gregory, and Pennington?* It is only too clear that their cardinal principles are a vile discretion, an insuperable cautiousness, an endless suppression of all the more robust impulses, and a determination to practise nothing for its own sake but for the sake of something else and, generally, something less honorable. Their influence is visible at the present time in the fact that such words as delicacy, propriety, elegance, genteel, cautious, have taken on a tinge of the ludicrous, and the corresponding virtues of delicacy, propriety, reserve, caution, and so on, have fallen out of fashion. Yet we should be mistaken if we imagined that these people were

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detestable. They wear the color and attitude of their time, but happily, with that saving grace common to all men, they are thoroughly inconsistent. Indeed, the very fact that they taught these astonishing principles without recognizing their fundamental immorality implies a certain simplicity. Their fault was the paradoxical desire to teach simplicity, frankness, ingenuousness, charm, as a fine art, and (it must be added) generally for unworthy objects. It is as though a love of flowers had resulted in their tying paper roses to a rose-tree instead of making it possible for the rose-tree to blossom naturally, or else they are so enamored of rosebuds that they tie up all the buds for fear that they should bloom. They are always contradicting themselves. At one moment they issue elaborate and astute instructions in the technique of simplicity; at the next, they maintain that to be convincing it must be genuine. Dr. Gregory, after disgusting us by his horribly unhealthy precepts, suddenly produces this thoroughly sound sentiment: "I do not want to make you anything: I want to know what Nature has made you, and to perfect you on her plan." Now they hint that virtue is perhaps its own reward, now that it is a first-class investment. It is like that shockingly immoral hymn which one hesitates to quote:

> Whatever, Lord, we give to Thee,
> Repaid a thousandfold will be.
> Then gladly will we give to Thee. . . .

That is why we find nothing recommended for its own sake. Dancing and riding are practised with a view to a figure and a complexion, and these are sought with a view to a husband. There is one good thing about this side of the affair, that whatever the ultimate object, the girl does get her dancing and riding and from them the unescapable by-product of enjoyment. It is when the scheme is pursued in a negative direction that it grows immoral. For then it becomes plain that there are things good and desirable in themselves which are bad investments and, as such, they must be either suppressed or avoided. Health, according to the Doctor, was one of these, and I find that learning was another. The young woman who wishes to please, it appears, must be, or pretend to be, not only physically weak but

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also weak-minded. As I browsed carelessly from Chapone to Gregory and from Gregory to Pennington, the dangerous quality of learning did not at first strike me. We picture our eighteenth-century young lady, dogged by the bogies of decency and propriety, seeking timidly among the apparently harmless concerns of life for some perfectly safe investment. After several narrowly-avoided snares, she will learn from the Doctor with a sigh of relief that "there is no impropriety in your reading history or cultivating any art or science to which genius or accident may lead you". But if she turns to Lady Pennington this sense of security will be rudely shaken, for she will learn from her that—

> It has been objected against all female learning beyond that of household economy, that it tends only to fill the minds of the sex with a conceited vanity, which sets them above their proper business . . . and serves only to render them useless wives and impertinent companions. It must be confessed that some reading ladies have given but too much cause for this objection: and, could it be proved to hold good throughout the sex, it would certainly be right to confine their improvements within the narrow limits of the nursery, the kitchen, the confectionary: but I believe it will, upon examination, be found that such ill consequences proceed chiefly from too great an imbecility of mind to be capable of much enlargement, and from mere affectation of knowledge, void of all reality.

Here is a dilemma! How is the unhappy reader to know whether she is of the type for whom learning is innocuous? In despair she turns back to Chappy, and Chappy does not at first reassure her. She warns her:

> The danger of pedantry and presumption in a woman—of her exciting envy in one sex, and jealousy in the other—of her exchanging the graces of imagination for the severity and preciseness of a scholar, would be, I own, sufficient to frighten me from the ambition of seeing my girl remarkable for learning.

But as regards history, Chappy is reassuring:

> The principal study I would recommend is history. . . . More materials for conversation are supplied by this kind of knowledge than by almost any other. . . .

But when we turn back to Dr. Gregory we find that, though he permitted history, art, and science (which, it is important to notice, he included under the heading of Amusements), yet he throws very cold water on serious attempts at learning. For his

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practical common sense recognizes that learning in a young woman does not pay. Indeed, she always runs a certain risk, it seems, in showing herself anything better than a cretin.

> Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding.

But learning, too, has its uses if properly managed. In fact Dr. Gregory indicates a method whereby it may be so astutely manoeuvred as to provoke even undeserved admiration, the acquisition of something for nothing, which is the essence of good management and the ideal of all decent people:

> A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness: but such a one will seldom fall in your way: and if, by accident, he should, do not be anxious to show the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and, if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess.

There, I think, Dr. Gregory achieves, as it were, an apotheosis of mental dishonesty. To return, after this, to our prying among the humbler obliquities of Chappy and Lady Pennington would be to experience the chill bathos of a descent to earth after a flight into the highest heavens. Here, then, we will leave them. If I have extenuated nothing, I have, I hope, set down naught in malice.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

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GOLF AND THE PHILOSOPHIC MIND

BY THE REV. JOHN ARCHIBALD MACCALLUM

THE rapid growth in the popularity of golf makes it a safe prophecy that within a generation every town of 5,000 inhabitants from the Arctic circle to the Rio Grande, and perhaps beyond, will have its course and its many devotees of the game. With increasing leisure due to shorter hours and intensified production large numbers of people from the classes who at present do not know a brassie from a niblick will become enthusiastic golfers. It is obvious that when once the game is imbedded in the fabric of the national consciousness it will exercise an increasing influence upon the mental outlook of the people, and will modify their habits and interests in no small measure.

So much has been thought, said and written about golf as a physical restorative, or means of rejuvenation, that it would be difficult for even an Addison or a Swift to make any contribution in knowledge or inspiration from this point of view. On the other hand, what may be roughly called the spiritual effect has received much less attention, and it will be worth while to devote some consideration to that phase of this modernized ancient game, which is equally fascinating to statesmen, philosophers, captains, kings, and the humblest salesman whose financial status allows him to buy only a few second-hand clubs for use on Sunday on the municipal course. If Coleridge were engaged to-day in cataloguing his *Aids to Reflection*, golf would have a place in the list if not as a direct, yet certainly as an indirect, means to that desirable goal.

A man may make a tiresome speech or write a poor essay and still live on in the happy illusion that he has done a creditable or even brilliant piece of work. When the mind is flowing easily, there is a soothing charm in the sound of one's own voice which disarms all suspicion of ineffectiveness, so that a public speaker

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never knows that he is dull. If in addition he is unfortunate enough to have flatterers around him, their words lend an easy confirmation to his estimate of himself. But if he makes a poor stroke in golf there is no possible ground for self-deception and the most unscrupulous sycophant dares not pretend to see any virtue in the performance. At best he can only fall back on the platitude that his friend is not "up to his game", or that his failure is due to the weather or some other uncontrollable cause. Such suggestions, however, bring little consolation to the defaulter and may even result in positive irritation.

Here we have one of the inherent reasons for the popularity of golf, for, however questionable our business or professional ethics, there is at the core of every man's soul a profound reverence for the truth. And while success or failure in golf depends in some degree upon subjective conditions, when once purpose is translated into action the result is so concrete as to be beyond dispute. One might as reasonably debate the proposition that four times three are twelve as to argue whether the ball is in the cup or not where a putt has fallen short. Because of this objectivity golf has an excellent effect upon morals, or at least upon manners. Few persons underrate themselves, and when they seem to do so their apparent modesty is usually inverted egotism. But in the ordinary interests of life it is difficult for the most strenuous "uplifter" to reduce the self-esteem of his neighbors to reasonable proportions. The issues are rarely clear enough to justify the attempt. I have a friend who is convinced that her three children are the cleverest and wisest prattling youngsters on the continent, and that after them follow closely the triumvirate ruling her sister's household. On this platform they have together organized a mutual admiration society whose minutes and deliberations are enervating to everyone outside the inner circle, who by force of circumstance is compelled to listen. In addition to this inflated estimate of the virtues of her own progeny, there is the reflex tendency to discount the virtues of all the other children of the clan and to ignore those of her neighbors. Theoretically, as a Christian and lover of truth, I should try to correct this distorted perspective, but I recoil from the task, for I feel instinctively that it is beyond my powers. *Chacun à son goût.* There is

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no way by which I could demonstrate to an auto-intoxicated mother that little Jackie's gibberish is no more indicative of genius than that of Angelo, the gardener's son of equal age.

When, however, we turn to golf, we are on a different plane and much closer to reality—or at least that phase of reality which we can understand. If I am fortunate enough to make a hole in par and my opponent has taken one or two more strokes, because he got into the bunker, we both understand because we are talking the same language and thinking in the same terms. He may be unable to repress the futile impulse to picture how differently it would have turned out if he had not been in the bunker, but I am not selfish enough to deny him such consolation as he derives from these *post mortem* considerations. The fact is, I won the hole. Self-esteem does not flourish in this air unless it is supported by the score. One's stroke is his child, but that does not blind the fondest parent to the fact that it is weak or badly deformed, for the deformity is registered in the rough where the ball lies off the course.

Recently I made an important discovery in social psychology, which I am glad to give unpatented to the technical sociologists for further elucidation. I have happily hit upon the reason for the preëminence of the Scots as philosophers, statesmen and theologians. This is due to their having been golfers for a sufficient number of generations to have inherited a large unearned increment from the game. Nor is this result at all surprising, for he is singularly lacking in imagination who is not prompted to reflection as he observes the close parallel between the vicissitudes of golf and life. When for example by a brilliant approach which drops within three feet of the pin one reaches the eighteenth green "even up", while his opponent's ball is some thirty feet away, it seems justifiable to conclude that victory is assured. But how disconcerting it is to have your rival, rendered desperate by the apparent hopelessness of his position, send the ball by a sweeping curve into the cup! "How lucky!" you say; with immediate recriminations of conscience, for you know that if the stroke had been yours you would be flattering yourself on your skill in determining the line of approach and in using your putter as an instrument of precision. These considerations disturb

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your inward calm and the disturbance is enhanced by the reflection that unless you "sink" your ball the day is lost. The attempt is made, but in this mental condition it is doomed to fail. The ball jumps the cup and the hoped for laurel passes to your rival.

Here the philosopher rises from the unimportant place he normally holds in your sub-conscious mind and taking control of your personality makes you say: "In life the margin between success and failure is equally narrow. How many men have been on the edge of being President of the United States, but never reached the goal! How often the advantage of to-day fades away to-morrow!" From such observations and reflections the Scot has learned to make those subtle distinctions between swans and geese, and other confusingly similar entities, which lift him to the high place he holds in the councils of the thinkers and theologians. If, on the other hand, such a noisy and turbulent game as baseball, with its swiftness of action so destructive to meditation, had been developed in Scotland, doubtless they would have been importing their preachers instead of exporting archbishops and cabinet officers to England, and like ourselves would have been under the necessity of organizing Chautauquas and inventing other mechanics of culture.

These are disquieting days for the theologian, as his craft is in penumbra, but every situation has its compensations, and not least of these for him is the fact that he is one of the chief beneficiaries of golf. I am not thinking of the recreative returns he enjoys in common with all other players, but of those confirmations of his tenets which come from this unexpected source. Suppose he is a Calvinist, laboring under the uneasy suspicion that his central dogma of election is not so secure as it seemed to his grandfather. With this doubt smouldering under the placid surface of his temporary interests, he seeks relief on the links and makes a drive to the green on a 225-yard hole much to his own surprise and that of his opponent, whose ball falls into a hazard short and off the course. The hole seems certain; but alas, for the insecurity of all unrealized certitudes! His rival, with the poise which comes from having nothing to lose, makes a splendid recovery with his mashie niblick. The ball shoots heavenward,

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pauses as though suspended by a cord for a fraction of a second high above the green, then like a thing endowed with self-determination, drops straight to earth and comes to rest within two feet of the pin. The erstwhile elated ecclesiastic, unnerved by this unexpected turn of fortune, takes three putts and loses the hole, yet the result is even more profitable for him than if he had won. He learns from his own experience that "many are called but few are chosen". Predestination thus reënforced becomes a vital part of his outlook upon life. Doubts will never again undermine this element in his faith. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." If you are not of the elect the happiest of beginnings will not insure your arrival. The splendid start may culminate in disaster, the initial failure in ultimate success. No wonder the Calvinists have won so many prizes, with this stern philosophy to support their hopes!

The dominant theme of the preachers of every faith has always been the breadth and smoothness of the way that leads to destruction, with multitudes gaily moving toward their doom, and conversely the narrowness of the path that leads to life, with few who are wise or fortunate enough to choose it. Stridently the preacher's voice has been raised in every age to warn his contemporaries against the allurements of the road to Vanity Fair. But whatever the explanation, there are few who listen, or at any rate show much inclination for the narrow way. The multitudes remain uninterested in posterity and undisturbed by hectic descriptions of the badness of their generation. At most they have only an academic interest in the virtues of their grandmothers and seem perfectly content to go on to destruction, probably on the principle that it is better to take the cash and let the credit go, as the day of reckoning is so far off. Yet lonely and disheartened though the preacher is, when he doffs his dog collar and sallies forth in negligé shirt and knickerbockers with driver in hand, the truth of this ancient doctrine is strikingly confirmed. As he takes his stand on the teeing ground, the through green looks wide enough for giants to play with cannon balls. Surely it will be easy to keep within these ample expanses. But the slightest error in direction when stretched over a radius of two hundred yards is fraught with the gravest consequences. The

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ball sails out into the far country of the prodigal and drops out of bounds in the rough where its retrieval imposes a heavy penalty. For generations the youth of Scotland have been led by actual experience in getting off the course to ponder on the evil results of leaving the narrow way. It is not strange therefore that from this soil a race of preachers has sprung, who have gone out over the world to warn their brothers of every race against the nemesis that will undo them if they refuse to leave the path of dalliance and hasten through the strait gate along the narrow way which alone leads to the hospice of St. Peter.

Among the many causes which account for a golfer's loss of direction, the most important is failure to "follow through". No matter how decisive and well aimed the stroke up to the hitting of the ball, if he stops there and does not send his clubhead after it, as David threw his sling toward Goliath's head, thus making the second half of the stroke a counterpart of the first, he loses control of the direction and shortens the distance. Here also golf is a commentary on life. In education, business, politics, religion, it is the second mile that counts. Anyone can take the first; then the pull begins which eliminates the crowd. If we could only master the art of "following through", what a host of failures would be avoided! We pause on the edge of success and lose control of the effort we have already made. There are many people who are great at starting things. They are so full of enthusiasm when setting forth their plans that those of us of colder temperament become introspective and disturbing questions rise in our minds as to whether we are lacking in sympathy or zeal. However, we are reassured when we again meet our buoyant friends, for in the meantime their ardors have cooled and they have turned to other issues.

We have an illustration in our educational methods. Our instructors have many bright ideas and work out interesting programmes on paper. But the layman has a suspicion that they fly from one experiment to another and that underneath all our self-assurance concerning the efficiency of American schools there is a widespread failure to "follow through". Mr. Wells is credited with a statement to the effect that every village is potentially an Athens. If there is no reason to doubt the truth

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of this observation, the tragedy of the gulf between the potential and the actual is all the more distressing and should shatter our self-complacency. That the rank and file of our newspaper readers are more interested in the morbid details of the underworld than in statecraft, the spread of ideas and the advance in the arts and sciences, is sufficient evidence of inadequate education; though we admit that there is a romance about crime, and a strong human interest must always belong to temptation, justice and revenge.

Our most striking failure to "follow through" is in politics. It is a truism that the administration of our cities is for the most part in the hands of men who are not equipped for so important a task either ethically, intellectually or socially. The public is aware of this and from time to time rises from its uneasy slumbers and drives out the men who are exploiting the community for personal ends. Then in the happy belief that the warfare is over and that the good citizens can take a rest, they go to sleep again. But there is no sleep for political leaders of the baser sort. They work continually and are never discouraged. They know that while Samson slumbers they can shear his locks, and patiently wait their time. One factor in the equation which insures the success of their method is the exaggerated idea in the public mind as to the value of victory in any single case. When the so-called "better elements"—the "Voters' League", or "Citizens' Committee"—rouse themselves for action, they promise much more than they can fulfil. The man in the street, with no knowledge of history and consequently a short memory, is disappointed with the results and feels that he has been duped. He sees little difference between good and bad government so far as his personal interests are concerned, and is perhaps irritated by the loss of certain privileges he might have obtained through influence under the old order. A reaction sets in and at the next election the "bosses" return to power. It is well for the Prohibitionists that they reënforced their position by a Constitutional Amendment; otherwise they would have been unable to hold their gains in large areas of the country. Here, too, the initial enthusiasm indicated by the prospectus is not sustained. For two generations we were fed with the assurance that poverty

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and crime would fade out into contentment and universal virtue with the outlawing of intoxicants. The record of the daily paper is a continuous proof of the falsity of the assurance.

With the signing of the Armistice the world went into wild ecstasies, utterly blind to the law that the ill effects of the direction in which mankind has been moving for years with fatal inertia could not be abolished in an hour. Unrestrained zeal and undisciplined hope have also been the bane of organized religion. Too often the churchman finds himself spiritually bankrupt, because he has used all his capital in his initial blow against ancient evils, and has none left for the more important task of reforming and refining the business, industry, amusements and politics of the present. In a recently published sermon by a noted divine, the ancient heathen were scathingly denounced for offering children as sacrifices to the fiery Moloch, but the good man had no suspicion that the same crime is practised to-day on an immeasurably wider scale in the sacrifice of multitudes of little ones to the machine, the "Iron Man" who is High Priest to the God of Profits—more cruel and insatiable than any ancient deity. Such errors will never be corrected until we learn to "follow through".

Another fundamental law of golf is that the eye must be kept upon the ball. Let it waver for a fraction of a second at the critical moment, and the shot is lost. None can hope for success who is unable to give undivided obedience to this rule, and if a man obeys, whatever his faults he will have a place in the inner circle of those who play the game. Impatience is the reason why so many who are anxious for distinction disregard this law. They cannot wait to see the result of the shot, and in their anxiety look up, and spend their strength in vain. This desire for quick returns is one of the underlying causes for the distemper and confusion of our age. Everywhere men are seeking short cuts to their goals. Haste for education, wealth and power weakens the framework of society by contributing to the spread of jealousy and the neglect of spiritual values. How often money brings more pain than joy because its possessor had not the patience to acquire the qualities which would enable him to use it to advantage! The realms of literature and art are closed to him as he

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tries to buy what cannot be bought with the currency he has to offer. Even though he travels over the world, Egypt, Greece and Italy are commonplace in comparison with Main Street. Years ago I was told by a wealthy grocer that there was nothing worth seeing in the British Museum. In traveling over Europe he discovered no monument so interesting as a big American "department store".

The disciplined golfer opens the way to the avoidance of such errors. His attention is fixed upon the immediate aspects of his task only because he never loses sight of his ultimate goal. He knows how bad a bargain it is to be greedy for immediate results. Hence he plays the game patiently and in accordance with its laws, for this is the only way to realize his purpose. Any other method will defeat the end in view. He wants no victory at the cost of chivalry. He knows that others are playing and have the same rights as his upon the course. Hence he does not try to crowd in ahead of them or force his way through them, or ask for special privileges. The law of golf applies equally to all, and is implicitly obeyed by every real initiate of the game.

But I have not mentioned the inmost secret of the fascination that golf exercises upon its devotees. It is the game of perpetual hope. The score of yesterday may be lowered to-day. Even with the abating force of years there is always ground for faith that through increasing skill the player can overcome this handicap and reach a place of distinction not yet attained. Thus golf renews youth and extends the length of life. If Bernard Shaw's belief that in time earthly existence may be prolonged to three hundred years is ever realized, golf will certainly be one means. And when through growth of facilities and increased opportunity for play, the milieu which I have suggested has been created, the favored inhabitants of this country will be well on their way toward the ideal republic by a much shorter and more interesting route than that offered by repressive legislation.

JOHN ARCHIBALD MACCALLUM.

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THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET—III

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE LETTERS OF THACKERAY

OLD Carlyle growls at Thackeray, as at Dickens, for coming to America. In a letter to Emerson dated August 25, 1851, he grumbles: "Item. Thackeray is coming over to lecture to you: A mad world, my masters!" Carlyle must have thought the quality of American hero-worship very low; Thackeray was not well-known in America. Although "the great Thacker"—a choice American nickname—was less famous than Dickens, he was not less open in his motives for coming to this country. His object was to put money in his purse. He had indeed little curiosity about the social and economic conditions of America. Eyre Crow, his secretary in America, declared that "he dwelt in preference upon the blither aspects of American life". He arrived in November, 1852; he delivered a carefully prepared course of lectures on *The Chief English Authors of Queen Anne's Reign;* and he departed in April, 1853, with his pot of gold. He seems to have fulfilled his expectations at this end of the rainbow; he understood America well. "I shall carry back," he had said, "sacks full of shekels for my girls, God bless 'em!" As early as November 20, of the first visit, he writes Macready exultantly: "As far as the money goes I am doing great things here, and the dollars are rolling in. I shall make all but £1000 in five weeks." Later he reflects comfortably: "I read at the rate of a pound a minute nearly." And in 1859 Thackeray estimated the total receipts of his two lecture tours to have been $50,000.

Well, if we must contribute to these itinerants, let it be to Thackeray's girls, and to their gay father. There is a boyishness and whimsicality about Thackeray's pilgrimages to us that puts us in a good humor even now. He wanted money for his girls, but for himself he wanted fun and good company. After Mrs.

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Trollope and Dickens it is rather comforting to know that he found them. We gave him a good time, and he liked us. On the way over he met Lowell on the boat, and was very merry. Thackeray, says Arthur Hugh Clough, also a passenger on the boat for America—this is hardly a scandal—"Thackeray was drunk, of course." At the Century Club, in Boston, in New York, walking the streets with Bayard Taylor "like two Brobdingnagians", everywhere, always, Thackeray had a good time. Eternally talking, eternally sketching, even on his own fingernails, Thackeray was not, like Dickens, the student of workhouses and prisons, but of the mysterious phase of life called "society". It is restful, at least, after our pictures of Cincinnati, to learn what Thackeray thought of the society of Boston: "It's like," he said, "the society of a rich cathedral-town in England—grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well-read."

If Thackeray accepted American society, American society certainly accepted him. In the audience at his first lecture were Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Parkman, Prescott, and the Danas, father and son. Those who heard the lectures on the *Authors of the Eighteenth Century* were obviously not those who would faint and be carried out during a reading of *Tiny Tim*. "The rendering of a piece by Dickens," says Anthony Trollope, "was composed as an oratorio is composed, and was then studied by heart as music is studied. And the piece was all given by memory, without any looking at the notes or words. There was nothing of this with Thackeray. But the thing was in itself of great interest to educated people." In fact I am afraid that Thackeray was that strange creature called "a delightful lecturer".

Research in contemporary newspapers makes it sure. Yes, he was a "delightful lecturer". "This building," said William Cullen Bryant, "was crowded to its utmost capacity with the celebrities of literature and fashion in this metropolis, all of whom, we believe, left, perfectly united in the opinion that they never remembered to have spent an hour more delightfully in their lives. Everyone who saw Mr. Thackeray last evening for the first time seemed to have their impressions of his appearance and manner of speech corrected. Few expected to see so large a man:

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he is gigantic, six feet four at least; few expected to see so old a person; his hair appears to have kept silvery record over fifty years; and then there was a notion in the minds of many that there must be something dashing and 'fast' in his appearance, whereas his costume was perfectly plain. His address is perfectly unaffected and such as we might expect to meet with in a well-bred man somewhat advanced in years." This is different from the tales of Dickens's "wavy locks", waistcoats, and scarf-pins. It is regrettable to hear of Thackeray as a lecturer that he had a "superb tenor voice"—so many of us have that—"with a pathetic tremble"; but, after all, he seemed to Bryant merely the cultivated English gentleman, lecturing on English literature.

Thackeray's gentleness carried him far. In a sense he never, like Dickens, went down with the crowd; they did not know him. Bret Harte tells us that the miners of Roaring Camp paused in their card-game at the news of the death of Little Nell; but during this lecturer's visit a member of the proletariat was heard to inquire plaintively: "Who the hell is Thackeray?" Thackeray's mind seemed impervious to many of the issues which angered Mrs. Trollope or disgusted Dickens. The first object which he saw in America was a huge heap of garboons. Since he was Thackeray, and not Dickens, he merely laughed and sketched them. A Southern woman remarked bluntly at a dinner-party: "Do you know, Mr. Thackeray, I thought you were a gentleman!" Again Thackeray laughed, and declared it was the cleverest comment he had ever heard. What an opportunity for Frances Trollope in such an incident as this: As Thackeray's train came into Concord one of the two silent Yankees sitting near him, remarked: "Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town." "Ye-as," was the drawling reply, "and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of con-sid-er-a-ble propity."

All the evil in our institutions, thorns for the other lions, Thackeray was inclined to tolerate. At Richmond, where he found the Americans more "homely", he wrote of slavery: "The negroes don't shock me or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets; women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place,

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the merriest little place, and the most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charleston—shall I go thence to (*sic*) Havannah? Who knows? I should like to give myself a week's holiday without my demnd lecture box. Shake everyone by the hand that asks about me. I am yours always—Oh! you kind friends. W. M. T."

For the natural scenery of America his admiration was without limit. "Sir," he wrote Forster, "the West is a great place. I have only just seen the portal of it, but it's wonderful." All such letters are illuminated with gay drawings of negroes, politicians, American women, and American houses or alleys. Although casual, this is a sunnier way of regarding the founding of Main Street. Add to this good cheer Thackeray's unfailing tact, and you have the secret of his popularity in America with those who knew him. Even in private conversation he was silent about our crudeness. His kindness moved many an American to good-natured doggerel. Among epics and Thackerayads in country newspapers these verses have true feeling, and certainly an original rhyme scheme:

> Ah! blest relief from pages soft and sacchary,
> Give me the writings of that foe to quackery,
> The bold, the keen-eyed, entertaining Thackeray.

This triplet brought an echo from the Eton mock poet-laureate:

> Marshal Thackeray,
> Dressèd out in crack array;
> Ain't he a whacker, eh?

Thackeray returned, like Benedick, as pleasant as ever, in October, 1855, and remained in America until April, 1856. The second series of lectures dealt with King Edward's ancestors and the Georges. The letters which describe his adventures continue to be whimsical, merry, and, above all, to be hallowed often by that divine tenderness which can belong only to the creator of Colonel Newcome. Of the lighter letters none is gayer than that in which he gives directions to his audiences, and so reveals his attitude towards the terrible art of lecturing. To his friend Doyle he wrote:

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I hope you will come to the tight rope exhibition to-morrow, and send you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room. When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain, you will say, "God bless my soul, how beautiful!" When I touch my neck-cloth, clap with all your might. When I use my pocket-handkerchief, burst into tears. When I pause, say "Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo!" through the pause. You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella: to be used at proper intervals: and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard. And now, everything having been done to insure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods. God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted. By yours ever, W. M. T.

And for that other quality, that so stirred the heart of John Henry Newman, and which lay so close to his laughter and wit, his tenderness, it may be found in this letter. It was written between Washington and Baltimore, and, besides commenting characteristically on these cities, it dwells upon news of grief sent him by Kinglake. He writes:

Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia. I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is very good literate company indeed; it is like Edinburgh for that, a vast amount of Toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York, the simplest and least pretentious; it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties, and have a daughter, to get all the world to him.

He goes on to speak of the young woman dying in Chesham Place:

God bless all there, say I. I wish I was by to be with my dear friends in grief. . . . I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief; that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth. . . . Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, only for the dear souls left on the other shore? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off?

These are commonplaces, but somehow they are also Thackeray.

All this benevolence of Thackeray must not blind us to the fact that he knew about Main Street, and that he did not approve

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of it. There is much evidence for the belief that Thackeray did not care for this country generally. Lowell's essay on *A Certain Condescension in Foreigners* is in some respects applicable to Thackeray. Can you expect even a polite Thackeray to be pleased with American newspapers, American traveling manners, and American bombast of the fifties? Thackeray was an Englishman. He did not care for France, or, in a larger way, for America. What saves us in the letters of this Victorian is that he was interested not in our worst, but in our best. In Whittier, Emerson, and Harvard professors one may find much that is good. For the rest, since he came with no thesis to write, no principles to demonstrate, Thackeray merely smiled, then sketched, then smiled and sketched again. Main Street was there. His was merely a difference in attitude. One may sneer like Mrs. Trollope, or sicken like Dickens, or, like Thackeray, one may sketch and smile, sometimes a little sadly.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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MARIVAUX AND MARIVAUDAGE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

A REPRINT of Marivaux's rare *Spectateur Français* raises several points of interest which it would be pleasant to discuss, but this note will be limited to two or three only, since even the ablest commentators on Marivaux have noted the difficulty and perplexity of the problems involved. Perhaps this was only a means to avoid praising a man who had great, but not conventionally great, literary talents. The most obvious thing about Marivaux, the label which is attached to him historically, is the fact that his style has added the word *marivaudage* to French critical jargon. That estimable work the *Petit Larousse*, which may be called the encyclopædia of the French populace, describes *marivaudage* as "*Langage affecté, dépourvu de naturel, comme celui de Marivaux.*" Voltaire, Grimm, Collé, Marmontel, La Harpe, d'Alembert, Sainte-Beuve, and Professor Saintsbury have all written on Marivaux and define his qualities with precision and ingenuity. The sentence of the *Petit Larousse*, if a little abrupt and decisive, as popular judgments are apt to be, is probably founded on the consensus of opinion of the eminent authorities named. With attenuating circumstances, then, *marivaudage* is a literary vice, in the opinion of the great critics, and we must either accept this opinion or run the risk of disagreeing with the authorities. True, Marivaux has been vigorously defended by recent editors (G. Larroumet is the most famous) and by novelists like Alphonse Daudet and Gautier, but what is their praise set against the just, kind, pondered, but inevitable judgment of Sainte-Beuve and Professor Saintsbury? It really looks as if judgment had been given already (without appeal) against the admirers of Marivaux, and that to praise his work as enjoyable and his style as agreeable, if highly personal, is simply to be as "singular" as Marivaux.

Even Sainte-Beuve, who had something in common with Marivaux, who wrote of his "*simplicité exquise, coquette, attentive,*

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résultat d'un art consommé," could remark later on in a passage of great critical beauty: —

. . . *qui dit "marivaudage" dit plus ou moins badinage à froid, espièglerie compassée et prolongée, pétillement redoublé et prétentieux, enfin une sorte de pedantisme sémillant et joli* . . .

Were it not that he goes on immediately to say that "*l'homme vaut mieux que la définition,*" the admirer of Marivaux would be completely disconcerted and feel that there was nothing to do but to keep his admiration to himself. Yet it would be interesting to hear from a thoroughgoing French classicist just why *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard* is definitely inferior (not different from, but inferior) to, say, *Georges Dandin* and *L'Étourdi;* or, again, why *Marianne* (which, as Professor Saintsbury justly says, is related to the novels of Samuel Richardson) is to be dismissed as *marivaudage* (the better critics do not, of course) when one might be tempted to examine it as a distant predecessor of the *écriture artiste,* and even of the style of Henry James and Marcel Proust. One can do no more than hint at these possibilities, whose development requires many pages of analysis; but they may be recommended to any critic who dares to attempt the whole problem of Marivaux.

The paragraph quoted by Sainte-Beuve as a specimen of *marivaudage* is taken from the *Spectateur Français.* But before considering the literary qualities of that work it may be interesting to recall how it was that Marivaux came to start a French *Spectator.* It will be remembered that he was the son of a wealthy man and therefore was able to write at his own time and in his own style. Unfortunately he lost his money, soon after his marriage, in the French South Sea Bubble, Law's Mississippi Scheme. As Marivaux was unable or unwilling to work he looked to his pen for support; and since his plays were insufficient to provide for his needs and the pensions he received later from Helvétius and Madame de Pompadour could not supply a man so incorrigibly tender-hearted and generous, he naturally drifted into journalism. But all his tendencies and earlier training were against him in his attempt to rival Addison and Steele. He made the mistake of working without a collaborator to aid him when

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his wits were at fault, so that he early fell into that fatal journalistic mistake of failing to appear to date. The first number started off well with a charmingly light "declaration of policy": the paper was to appear once a fortnight, but the twenty-five numbers we have took two years to appear. As early as No. 5 we find him apologizing: "*Cette feuille-ci a été retardée par des accidents, &c, &c,*" with a promise that it shall not occur again; but No. 7 has an advertisement informing us that "several months have elapsed" since the last number, and the same dismal confession again appears in No. 24. Nothing could be more characteristic of Marivaux. With the best intention of being industrious he could compass nothing but the idleness of genius—a better thing perhaps; with the kindest and most charming of characters he was renowned for the sharpness of his personal remarks and his acute distrust of others (to such an extent that a whisper in his presence offended him forever); and, finally, with a generosity and will to help others, rare in that selfish age, he was himself dependent on charity and journalistic expedients. The final paradox is that this eminently sincere character, whose minute analyses were a result of a scrupulous artistic conscience, this predecessor of the school of *nuances* has come down to us with the reputation of a literary *petit maître*, a man of graces and simpers, a sort of eighteenth century *précieux*. If Marivaux was a *précieux* then so was Flaubert, so were the Goncourts and Verlaine and Gautier and more than half the writers of the last century.

The paragraph quoted by Sainte-Beuve will be found in the third number of the *Spectateur Français*. It is a reflection, too long to quote, rather in Steele's manner, on the faces to be observed at a theatre exit. To a modern reader this appears an elegant and brightly-written paragraph, with some happy observations and carefully noted details; it is the kind of "sketch from the life" which has become commonplace under the title of *chose vue*. Sainte-Beuve objects to the phrases: "*porteurs de visages,*" "*l'occasion était-elle chaude,*" "*vient chercher noise,*" "*vous présente hardiment le combat,*" "*voudrait enfin accuser d'abus.*" One is tempted to inquire "where is the literary sin, where the affectation?" Compare the passage from which these phrases are taken with the most restrained sentences of a Huysmans or any

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of the Symbolists, and Marivaux will appear by contrast of a classic purity and elegance. And this leads up to a most important problem. Obviously what is objected to by Sainte-Beuve and by the whole school of critics (of which he was simply one of the last and greatest) is the use of new and daring metaphorical language, unauthorized by previous usage. Undoubtedly there is an extreme and otherwise unobtainable charm in a style which is founded on "the best speech of the best people" but this very perfection of elegance conceals a corruption. Earlier seventeenth century critics like Bouhours rejoice because they have succeeded in robbing French of every one of the picturesque and metaphorical words for *avare* (*avaricieux*, *échars taquin*, *tenant*, *trop-tenant*, *chiche*, *chiche-vilain*, *pince-maille*, *racle—denare*, *serre-denier*, *pleure-pain*, *serre-mitte*, are some of them). Now when we consider the prodigious asset such a vast popular imagination has been to artists like Shakespeare and Rabelais, we can then judge of the castration of language, the weakening of literary strength, effected by the seventeenth century under pretense of perfection. These Vaugelas and Bouhours may be of immense service to us to-day, because they insisted on intellectual excellencies which the world has forgotten or contemns, but they make the fatal mistake (for speech) of imitating the refinements of the Italian Academies, which, more than all the Hapsburgs, destroyed the native vigor of Italian literature. These critics forgot that every word and every phrase was originally a metaphor; that what is ridiculous is not the new or striking metaphor but the worn or inept metaphor.

The complaint against Marivaux in his own time was that he *courait après l'esprit*. Stung by this ineptitude and by others even more foolish, founded on the stupid quarrel of the ancients and the moderns, Marivaux turned on his critics (or rather fault-finders) and wrote his seventh *Spectateur*, which is not only a brilliant defense of himself but a valuable and intelligent contribution to literary criticism. He begins by admitting that the chorus of condemnation had disgusted him with writing, and admits that this is simply vanity; though very natural vanity, we might add. He then proceeds to rebuke certain *a-priori* judgments and prejudices, which were just as powerful then as

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their counterparts to-day. He complains of the fault-finder who "rises with a screwed and discontented face" to say "*Cela ne vaut rien,*" or "*Cela est détestable,*" without reflecting on the arrogance of such an unsupported judgment. Then he glances at the kind offices of friendship and thwart influences of enmities in deciding literary merits, the host of irrelevant details which bias judgment, so that criticism becomes a criticism of persons and not a criticism of books. And then he comes to his defense of an individual style which may be taken as the golden mean between servile imitation and incomprehensible jargon:

Je crois pour moi, qu'à l'exception de quelques génies supérieurs, qu'ils n'ont pu être maîtrisés et qui leur propre force a préservés de toute mauvaise dépendance; je crois, dis-je, qu'en tout siècle, la plupart des auteurs nous ont moins laissé leur propre façon d'imaginer, que la pure imitation de certain goût d'esprit que quelques critiques de leurs amis avaient décidé la meilleure; ainsi, nous avons très rarement le portrait de l'esprit humain dans sa figure naturelle; on ne nous le peint que dans un état de contorsion; il ne va point sans pas, pour ainsi dire; il y a toujours une marche d'emprunt qui le détourne de ses voies, et qui le jette dans les routes stériles, à tout moment coupées, où il ne trouve de quoi se fournir qu'avec un travail pénible. S'il allait son droit chemin, il n'aurait d'autre soin à prendre, que de développer ses pensées; au lieu qu'en se détournant, il faut qu'il les compose, les assujettisse à un certain ordre incompatible avec son jeu, et qu'il écarte l'arrangement naturel qu'amènerait une vive attention sur elles.

But a defense of Marivaux as eloquent, though not as reasonable, may be found in the homage of generations of writers and in the fact that his comedies still keep the stage and are still applauded as a link between Molière and Beaumarchais—a distinction he shares perhaps only with Regnard. For the *Spectateur Français,* it has most of the qualities and faults of its English predecessor. Its earlier numbers are least pleasing and it becomes most attractive when Marivaux discovers the device of a pilfered journal as a means for recording his disconnected but vivid observations of life. The failure of the venture was due to its irregular appearance and moral tales rather than to the influence of the purists. Apart from the admirable critical paper, the best of Marivaux's *Spectateurs* are those before he gets to his moral, where he recounts the life he knew so well.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

TWO SUPERMEN[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE, in her preface to the English version of her brother's correspondence with Wagner, quotes Richard Strauss as saying that he regarded the period in which the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche was at its zenith as "one of the most impressive and significant cultural moments of the nineteenth century". Strauss's saying is not extravagant. The period in question comprised the three years that lay between 1869 and 1872. Wagner had completed all his works save *Parsifal*, and was already a world figure; the youthful Nietzsche was rattling with his young lion's paw the drybones of classical philology as professor at the University of Basle, and had produced his brilliant and significant *Birth of Tragedy*. The association of the two supermen resulted in a dazzling display of intellectual and temperamental fireworks, and in a tragi-comedy immensely engrossing to the student of the mundane spectacle.

Wagner and Nietzsche met for the first time in the Autumn of 1868, and in the following summer Nietzsche visited the composer of *Tristan* at the villa in Tribschen, on Lake Lucerne, where Wagner was living with the wife of Hans von Bülow: Cosima, the accomplished daughter of Franz Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult. For so stern a moralist as Nietzsche the situation must have been somewhat trying. Wagner told his friend Malvida von Meysenburg that Nietzsche had "suffered unspeakably" over the irregular relations of Wagner's household—a statement corroborated by Nietzsche's sister, who explains to us that Nietzsche was able to "overcome his scruples" against

[1] *The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence:* Edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Translated by Caroline V. Kerr. Boni and Liveright, New York.

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associating with the gifted paramours at Tribschen on the ground that "extraordinary persons are at liberty to adjust their personal relations according to their own standards", and that "this was particularly true of artists". Wagner, according to Nietzsche's view, "proved that a genius need not fear to take an inimically hostile attitude towards existing social forms and laws, if by so doing he is endeavoring to disclose the still higher truth and law dwelling in him." This "still higher truth and law" was, to be sure, somewhat oddly exemplified by Wagner: for he was not too preoccupied by his devotion to Cosima to lack time for meditating a helpful marriage with a rich widow shortly before he and Bülow's wife fell into each other's arms at Wagner's pretty villa on Lake Starnberg. Less than a year later, a daughter was born as a result of this rapprochement, and they named her "Isolde", which was a happy thought: for just two months afterward, the guileless and devoted Bülow, who thought the child was his, conducted at Munich the première of a certain opera in which another Isolde, also a creation of Wagner's, figures conspicuously. You wonder if Wagner and Cosima laughed over the odd coincidence as they listened to Bülow's memorable conducting that night in the Munich opera-house.

It was certainly an irrubrical situation that was presented to the view of Nietzsche by that household at Tribschen when he first entered it in 1869. Perhaps he was not always so tactful as he might have been. His sister tells us that Nietzsche's "chastity" "seemed to irritate Wagner", and that the untamed reprobate was occasionally goaded into an outburst of rude frankness that appears to have distressed the prim young philologist from Basle.

Bülow was far more considerate of everybody's feelings. There is no more amazing passage in this extraordinary chronicle than that which describes Bülow's efforts to put Nietzsche at his ease concerning the complicated relationships of the Wagner household. Consider the circumstances: According to the implications in Wagner's own story of his life, he was emotionally aware of Cosima von Bülow as early as 1858,[2] although he was

[2] See *Mein Leben*, pp. 858–9.

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then at the climax (a humiliating one for him) of his incandescent affair with his Zürich Isolde, Mathilde Wesendonck. Cosima had married Hans von Bülow the year before. Wagner was still married to his burdensome Minna. Cosima was not yet 21; Wagner was 45. Four years later—in the summer of 1862—Wagner was convinced of Cosima's love. "The belief that she was mine took hold of me with certainty," he tells us (the deluded Bülow thought that she was *his*). The following year—November, 1863—"a passionate longing for an avowal of the truth overpowered us," he says, "and brought us to a confession, which needed no words, of the infinite unhappiness that weighed upon us." (It was in the summer of this year that Wagner wrote the ineffable love-letter to his accommodating serving-maid, his "dear little Marie", his "best sweetheart", whom he exhorted to have in readiness for his home-coming to Penzing the coupé at the station, the warm and perfumed study, the "rose-colored pants", the barber, the hairdresser, and the loving Marie herself.[3] In 1864, the unsuspecting Bülow sent his wife and child to visit Wagner at his Starnberg villa. In the Spring of the following year (April 10, 1865) Cosima von Bülow bore Wagner a daughter. Wagner's wife, Minna, died in January, 1866, and two months later, Cosima, during her husband's absence on a concert tour, abode with Wagner at Geneva for a while. Wagner's unpopularity at Munich had forced King Ludwig, much against his wishes, to ask the troublesome Titan to go elsewhere; and Wagner, with an annuity of almost $4,000 from his royal friend, settled permanently at Tribschen, where Cosima, with her children of assorted parentage, joined him in May, 1866. In the following February she bore him another daughter (Eva). Meanwhile Bülow accidentally learned the truth. He went to Tribschen, and was told that the Wagner-Cosima entente was permanent, remained several months to fool the gossips, gave up his wife and family to his friend, and departed. Merely for the looks of the thing, Cosima made a subsequent visit to her husband at Munich, where the King had given Hans a job as Court Kapellmeister; but the situation became wholly impossible, and

[3] Julius Kapp: *Richard Wagner und die Frauen.*

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in June, 1869, Wagner and Cosima retreated to Tribschen, whilst Bülow went his way alone. He was a noble soul, and later he got together a fund of $10,000 for Wagner's Bayreuth project —"though his presence at the Festival," as Ernest Newman drily observes, "was of course impossible." It was also in June, 1869, that another child was born to Wagner and Cosima. Wagner was not unappreciative. "She [Cosima] has defied every disapprobation and taken upon herself every condemnation," he wrote to a friend a year later. "She has borne me a wonderfully beautiful and vigorous boy, whom I could boldly call 'Siegfried'; he is now growing, together with my work, and gives me a new, long life, which at last has attained a meaning. Thus we get along without the world, from which we have retired entirely." Cosima was released from Bülow, on his suit, in July, 1870; and on August 25 she married Wagner.

And now consider what miracles of accommodation it is possible for the human spirit to achieve: Bülow, enthusiastic over Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*, called on the young professor to beg him to accept the dedication of his translation of Leopardi. Nietzsche, his sister tells us, was "placed in a most embarrassing position by this visit, occurring, as it did, just at the time when the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche was at its height—about 1872. Bülow perceived this at once, and, at the close of their conversation in regard to the *Birth of Tragedy*, sought to dispel my brother's embarrassment by voluntarily alluding to the subject of his relations with Wagner and Cosima. He drew the following picture: Cosima was *Ariadne*, he himself was *Theseus*, and Wagner was *Dionysius;* but like all analogies, this one also had a weak spot: as, in this case, *Theseus* had not deserted *Ariadne*, but just the reverse. Bülow, evidently, wished to convey the idea that he had been superseded by a higher being, by a god. My brother was delighted beyond measure to hear Bülow thus investing his own experience with such an impersonal and mythical character." Yes: that must have made the formidable Wagner-Cosima pill quite a simple and pleasant thing for the squeamish Nietzsche to swallow. Amiability like Bülow's is indeed divine.

Such was the household to which Nietzsche was introduced in

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the summer of 1869. As it turned out, the "omen" which he perceived in the circumstance that his first visit to Tribschen coincided with the birth of Wagner's son was anything but "auspicious"; for seven years later, this famous friendship between the greatest of tone-poets and the biographer of Zarathustra was at an end, and Nietzsche was assailing Wagner with every weapon that his bitterness could supply. But while it lasted, their association was of the greatest interest and significance. Nietzsche himself, shortly before his mental collapse in 1888, described his intercourse with Wagner as "that which, among the vivifying influences of my life, refreshed me most profoundly and most genuinely. All the rest of my human relationships I treat quite lightly, but at no price would I be willing to blot from my life the Tribschen days: those days of mutual confidence, of sublime flashes . . . the deep moments."

Wagner at the beginning of this memorable friendship was fifty-six years old. He had composed, in addition to *Rienzi*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, most of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (*Rheingold*, *Walküre*, and *Siegfried*), besides *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*—that is to say, he had produced five transcendent masterpieces, had revolutionized the art of music, had turned the conventions of the opera-house inside out, and had set the intellectual populations of Europe and America clawing at each other's eyes over his theories and innovations. He was, of course, immensely famous. The later and characteristic Wagner, the Wagner of *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger*, was being ridiculed by almost the entire press of Europe—"merely," as Mr. W. J. Henderson has remarked, "because Wagner had dared to say that an opera was a poetic drama, and should be so written, so performed, and so received by the public." But a King had befriended him, and he was now, for almost the first time in his life, enjoying material comfort and comparative ease of mind; he was deeply happy with Cosima; and he was naïvely convinced that he was the greatest composer of dramatic music that ever lived—which happened to be quite true.

In the autumn of 1868 Nietzsche met the great little man for the first time at Leipsic. Wagner had come to town to visit

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relatives, but was preserving a strict incognito. "He inquired very minutely," wrote Nietzsche, "how I came to be so familiar with his works, and inveighed roundly against the production of his operas, with the exception of the famous Munich performances. He ridiculed the conductors, who good-humoredly call out to their men: 'Now, gentlemen, just a trifle more passionate!—*Meine Gutsen, noch ein bisschen leidenschaft erlicher!*'—Wagner is fond of using the Saxon dialect. . . . Before and after dinner, Wagner played all the important episodes from *Die Meistersinger*, imitating the different voices. He is an astoundingly vivacious and high-spirited man, speaks very rapidly, is extremely witty, and is very animated when in the company of intimate friends."

In the following Spring, Nietzsche was called to the University of Basle as professor of classical philology, and one day he set out along the lake shore road to call on Wagner at the Villa Tribschen. Just outside the garden hedge he paused, listening (his sister writes) "to an excruciating discord repeated again and again. Later he learned that this was from the third act of *Siegfried*, at the point where the hero exclaims: *Werwundet hat mich, der mich erweckt.*" This somewhat remarkable statement is, one suspects, an elaboration of Frau Foerster-Nietzsche's, for it is both stupid and erroneous. The "excruciating discord" is one that Bach, Beethoven, and a dozen other forerunners of Wagner used repeatedly; and if Frau Foerster-Nietzsche had taken the trouble to glance at the text of *Siegfried* she would have seen that the words in question are not spoken by "the hero", but by Brünnhilde. And, while we are about it, we may as well draw attention to a few other flagrant errors in this edition of the Nietzsche-Wagner correspondence (whether due to the English translator, to Nietzsche himself, or to his sister, we know not). As nobody takes seriously any stupidity or absurdity or perversion of fact that may be uttered about music, we suppose these particular instances will go uncorrected to the end of time. But here they are:

Nietzsche in his characterization of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven describes the third movement as "the second", and the second movement as "the third". (page 118–19.)

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The scene between Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens does not occur, as Nietzsche wrote, in "the second act" of *Götterdämmerung*, but in the third. (page 268.)

And to speak of the Prologue of *Götterdämmerung* (which is really an act in itself, including the Norn scene and the scene of the parting of Brünnhilde and Siegfried) as the "Overture to *Götterdämmerung*" is ignorant and misleading. (page 42.)

We left Nietzsche hesitating outside the garden hedge at Tribschen. He entered, and declined an invitation to stay for dinner, but he saw much of the household from thenceforward. He was enraptured with his new friend.

Wagner [he wrote in June, 1869] is really everything that one could expect; he has an extravagantly rich and noble nature, energetic character, fascinating personality, and strong will power. . . . The world has not the faintest conception of his greatness as a man and of his exceptional nature.

Wagner and Cosima, for their part, became exceedingly fond of Nietzsche. "We regard you as one of the family," we find Cosima writing him in the following Autumn, "and this is saying a good deal, in view of the material and moral seclusion of our little court." He became their devoted friend, apostle, propagandist, commissioner, messenger-boy, and was entrusted with the buying of Christmas presents in Basle for the family at Tribschen—toys, a doll's theatre, Dürer engravings, books, antiques.

Wagner was then deep in the music of *Götterdämmerung*, though he complained that he was "not good for much" because of "catarrhal and abdominal pains".

The King has let himself be heard from in his customary erratic manner [he wrote on Jan. 14, 1870]. It is possible that *Rheingold* and *Walküre*[4]—will be given in Munich this year, though it is scarcely *probable* that this will be done in accordance with my wishes.

But Cosima was there to console him, and they read Plato and Euripides together, and Wagner amused himself by choosing a title-vignette for his Autobiography, which he insisted must be his family crest.

[4] *Rheingold* had been produced at Munich, contrary to Wagner's wish, September 22, 1869, for the first time anywhere; *Die Walküre* was produced there June 26, 1870. Both performances were inadequate, and Wagner was much upset by them.

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It is somewhat amusing to find Frau Foerster-Nietzsche recording that Nietzsche was "offended" by Wagner's atheism. Nietzsche the anti-Christ as Pecksniff! But there was a cattish strain in Nietzsche, and in later years his bright malice became feminine in the ignobler sense. In the early seventies, however, his loyalty and devotion were not yet impaired. Wagner was still "the beloved master", Nietzsche still the "dear friend" whose books Wagner could not praise enough.

Nietzsche threw himself without reserve into the service of Wagner and his projects. "I have formed an alliance with Wagner," he told Rohde. He devoted himself with the utmost unselfishness and ardor to conducting propaganda for the Wagnerian cause. His zeal and self-forgetfulness were prodigious. He acted as amanuensis, as agent, as pamphleteer, as partisan, as prophet, as forerunner, as apostle: he was Wagner's Joe Tumulty, his Ray Stannard Baker, his John the Baptist.

In the Spring of 1872, just before his fifty-ninth birthday, Wagner moved his household from Tribschen to Bayreuth. But Nietzsche still writes to him as "Most Revered Master", and Wagner replies to his "Dear, Good Friend".

Nietzsche's allegiance began to waver in 1874. He sent Wagner his second *Thoughts Out of Season*, on *The Use or Abuse of History*. The Wagners were not interested. Nietzsche, remarks his sister, "had taken the liberty of writing a book which had nothing to do with Bayreuth"; and Nietzsche himself declared that it had become plain to him that his only value lay in his being a Wagner commentator: "I am to be nothing more." But "cordial letters received from his friends in Bayreuth during the summer of 1875," says his sister, "again revived my brother's old love and admiration for Wagner, and in 1876 he published his *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*, which he described as a 'sort of Bayreuth Festival sermon'". The cause, says Mr. Huneker, "had found its philosophical exponent." There was great rejoicing in the Wagnerian stronghold. "Your book is simply tremendous!" wrote the delighted Richard. "Where did you learn so much about me? Come to us soon and accustom yourself to the impressions by attending the rehearsals".

Nietzsche set out for the Festival in high spirits, "hoping to

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fall under the old spell in listening to Wagner's music," as his sister observes. He went with high hopes and anticipations, expecting to find what his sister calls "only kindred spirits" assembled at Bayreuth, "all looking forward to the Festival as something by which their entire life was to be consecrated. . . . A unique audience, the elect of Europe, gathered together to await the consummation of an idea—a concourse of rare souls." He found, of course, something quite different. Anyone able to pay the sum of 900 marks for the twelve performances was free to go; and the result, naturally, was that Bayreuth "became the rendezvous of the customary 'first-night' audiences from the larger centres, for the most part people who came to be seen and to boast of having been present." Nietzsche, as Mr. Huneker remarks, loathed the mob, the promiscuous herd; and "the motley crowd that was attracted to Bayreuth filled the exclusive philosopher with horror". It seemed, says his sister, "as if the entire leisure rabble of Europe had met here, and everyone was free to go in and out of Wagner's own house as if the entire Bayreuth undertaking was some new and fascinating sort of sport. . . . This class of rich idlers had found a new pretext for idling,—this time, 'grand opera' with obstacles"; and Frau Foerster-Nietzsche ventures the profound observation that Wagner's music, "by reason of its concealed sexuality, was found to form a new bond for a social class in which everyone was bent upon following his or her own *plaisirs*." The "concealed sexuality" of the music of *Götterdämmerung*!

All this—and "the tiresome company of 'Patrons', both men and women, very much bored and unmusical to the point of saturation"—convinced Nietzsche of "the illusory character of Wagner's ideals". In other words, Wagner's ideals were worthless because his gigantic and widely advertised undertaking drew empty-headed idlers and curiosity-seekers. Wagner was to be disowned because of the Wagnerites and the gaping crowds. Nietzsche might as well have repudiated the ocean because it yields sharks and tempts some people to suicide, or Greek poetry because of the morals of Sappho. As Havelock Ellis has pointed out, Nietzsche was something of a prig. But Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, let it be noted, is kind enough to assure posterity

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that there were "refined, highly intelligent persons present at Bayreuth".

And now Nietzsche, on thinking it over, discovers that his championship of Wagner had represented "a pause, a falling-back". He discovers, in particular, that Wagner's music can no longer hold his esteem; and here are some of the remarkable conclusions he arrives at concerning it: "This music is addressed to inartistic persons." . . . "This music does not *sing*." [Nietzsche would no doubt refer us, for proof of the latter assertion, to *Die Meistersinger*, Act II of *Tristan*, or Act I of *Walküre*.]

The music of the second act of *Götterdämmerung* is "inarticulate"; and he asks: "Has the drama gained anything from this adjunct [the music]?"

"The orchestra—what far-fetched, artificial, and depraved tones were to be heard there! What a travesty upon nature!"

On the whole, "The music is not of much value."

Reading these pathetic imbecilities, you cannot help wondering what on earth Nietzsche ever got out of the music of *Tristan*,—whether, indeed, he ever felt its specifically musical quality? It is easy to be moved by the emotional incandescence of the work without getting close to the music *quâ* music. His sister thinks that if Wagner had only made to Nietzsche at this time a confession of sin and a promise of repentance, the breach might have been closed. She wishes Wagner had said: "Oh friend, the entire Festival is nothing but a farce! . . . My music also should have been quite different; I now see this, and I will return to melody and simplicity". Alas, Wagner failed to promise any such good behavior. Nietzsche departed for Italy, and at Sorrento he ran into his former friend, who had gone there from Bayreuth, and heard from his lips the plan of the projected *Parsifal*. This was too much for Nietzsche—Wagner the "atheist" meditating a drama of Christian mysticism, and daring to "speak of his religious feelings and experiences in a tone of the deepest repentance. . . . This make-believe on Wagner's part and this pretense of having become a naïve, pious Christian was more than my brother could stand." There may be more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine which need no repentance; but there was no joy in Nietz-

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sche's heart over this converted reprobate from Bayreuth. In fact, he believed that Wagner was faking, "prompted by a desire to stand well with the Christian rulers of Germany and thus further the material success of the Bayreuth undertaking." Nietzsche seems not to have been aware that the inception of *Parsifal* dates from 1848, when Wagner was a young man in his thirties and had no reverence for "Germany's Christian rulers"—that is to say, more than a quarter of a century before Wagner discussed the work with Nietzsche at Sorrento in 1876. The first actual sketch of the drama dates from 1857, and the "Good Friday" music belongs to the same year. The drama was worked out in detail in 1864, although the poem was not finished until 1877 and the music not until 1882. But Nietzsche was through with Wagner, no matter what the truth of history may have been. "I had recognized the fact that my faith in Wagner was based upon an error," he told his sister afterward. "We were too essentially different in our innermost natures, and this was bound to cause a separation sooner or later."

Many have speculated as to the reason for the famous quarrel. Mr. H. L. Mencken, in his admirably trenchant preface to this volume, thinks the cause was simple and unescapable:

> Nietzsche grew so vastly during the years that the two men were together that it was quite impossible for him to go on as a mere satellite, even of a Wagner. It is to the credit of Wagner's discernment that he saw almost instantly the great ability of the younger man; it is to the shame thereof that his valuation of it stopped far short of the reality. What he beheld before him was a young professor of extraordinary parts, eagerly responsive to his revolutionary (and often anything but transparent) ideas, full of a chivalric but ferocious bellicosity, and extremely effective as a propagandist. What he actually *had* in front of him was a European figure of the first calibre—perhaps the most salient and original personality seen in the groves of learning since Goethe. It is always hard for an old man to fathom the true importance of a young one. [As for Nietzsche], he could see only the magician in Wagner, and quite forgot the man. But it was not long before that man began to intrude in a very disconcerting way; and so, bit by bit, Nietzsche became restive, and in the end he rose in open revolt. . . . Among equals there can be no disciples. Wagner resigned Nietzsche as flighty and incomprehensible, and Nietzsche resigned Wagner as half a charlatan.

There is much truth in all this. Beyond any doubt at all, Wagner was an exceedingly trying person—a perpetual problem

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and exasperation to his friends. Violent, arrogant, importunate, vain, self-indulgent; an incomparable egoist, a liar, a voluptuary; insatiable in his demands for sympathy and sacrifices from his friends, yet intolerably self-righteous in any conflict of attitudes. Cornelius, who knew him well, said of him that he "never for a moment thinks seriously of anyone but himself"; that he "treated his best friends in Vienna like so many shoeblacks". Bülow exclaimed angrily that it was "a high honor to live with the great Master, but often beyond bearing". He was improvident, extreme in everything; he was ungrateful; and he must have been at times an insufferable bore. One thinks with a shudder of those occasions when he called his friends and family about him and read to them without mercy—as when, in 1851, "he read the whole of *Opera and Drama* to his Zürich circle on twelve consecutive evenings;" as when, two years later, he visited the Willes and read the text of the *Ring* to the assembled company, beginning with *Rheingold*, continuing with *Die Walküre* till after midnight, finishing *Siegfried* the next morning, and *Götterdämmerung* at night. What his first wife called "his wonderful gift of the gab" used to give King Ludwig a headache.

Yet almost everyone who knew him has testified to his strange and paradoxical charm, his irresistible magnetism. "It is impossible not to be thrilled," wrote Ernest Newman in his candid, unsparing, and brilliantly acute study of Wagner, "by the superb vitality that radiates from that little body at every stage of its career, by the dazzling light that emanates from him and gives a noontide glory to the smallest person who comes within its range. . . . The stupendous power and the inexhaustible vitality of the man are shown in nothing more clearly than in the sacrifices everyone made for him and the tyrannies they endured for him." Even Hanslick, who hated him, said that he exercised "an incomprehensible magic in order to make friends, and to retain them; friends who sacrificed themselves for him, and, thrice offended, thrice returned to him again". For all his selfishness and egoism, he could be, as Mr. Newman is careful to note, generous and honorable in his own way. "He supported Minna's parents, for instance, and would never let Minna be without money if he could provide it. He could be

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kind where kindness was compatible with power; but he could never be just to a personality too independent to be drawn into his orbit, nor could he ever understand other people's desire for independence as against himself."

Remember that until his sixty-third year it was true of him, as Cosima said, that "it is written in the stars that nothing in Wagner's life is to be allowed to suffer only a partial shipwreck: everything must go to pieces precipitately and overwhelmingly." Only in the last seven years of his life did he know complete success and full contentment. Remember, too, that he was tortured for a quarter of a century by an æsthetic vision of unparalleled splendor and urgency—it might be said of him, as truly as of Bunyan, that he was "the prince of dreamers". Moreover, he was sickly, tormented by physical ailments; his nerves were usually on the raw; and he was fighting, during most of his mature existence,—against seemingly invincible stupidity, inertia, and malevolence,—to bring about an æsthetic revolution of the first magnitude. Mr. Huneker does not exaggerate when he speaks of his being "harassed by a thousand importunings—his gigantic Bayreuth scheme, his money troubles, his uncertain position despite his first big success. Ellis believes, rightly enough, that when Wagner realized Nietzsche was no longer his friend, 'he dropped him silently, as a workman drops a useless tool.' This seems cruelly selfish; but Wagner had no time for unselfish moods. . . . He was a realist. Life had made him one. . . . No, the great composer is not alone to be censured. Yet must we exclaim, Alas! poor Nietzsche!"

No doubt it is true, as Mr. Huneker conjectures, that in Nietzsche's proselytizing there was a good deal of intellectual snobbishness. When the latter-day Wagner was still undiscovered, Nietzsche, haughty and jealous, was proud to act as his disciple. "Then the mob, *hoi polloi*, began to buy excursion tickets to Bayreuth, and Nietzsche shudderingly withdrew, Wagner's music was no longer unique, no longer to be savored by the intellectually aristocratic few. So he sailed his bark for newer, rarer, stranger enterprises, and discovered—Nietzsche. After that the madhouse yawned for him, and the world lost a wonderful man."

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Wonderful indeed! A superb poet, a poet of gorgeous imagination, a master of rhapsodic incantation, a magnificent lyrist. To paraphrase Mr. Mencken's eloquent tribute to him, only blockheads to-day know nothing of him; only fools are unshaken by him. But did he ever really belong in the Wagnerian camp? Did he ever really know why Wagner's music is what it is? Did he ever, in any profound sense, really hear it with his spiritual ear? We take leave to doubt it. Musically, Nietzsche was no ignoramus. Yet imagine anyone who had really perceived the essential greatness of, say, the third act of *Tristan und Isolde*, repudiating Wagner the musician. He was never born to understand the creator of *Tristan* and *Götterdämmerung*; and when he turned from Wagner, he consoled himself with—Bizet! That sums him up, musically: he renounced *Götterdämmerung* for *Carmen*. He might at least have relapsed upon Schubert, or Bach, or Palestrina. He might at least have left *Carmen*, with its marshmallow-sundae lyricism, its sweetly-pretty Flower Song, its cheap melodrama and its servant-girl thrills, for the delectation of the sentimental herd whom he despised.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

We might well wish that President Angell's first baccalaureate address at Yale could have been caught up by a prodigious system of amplifiers and sounded into the ears of all the teachers and students in the world, with all the personal earnestness of his delivery. No message could have been more valuable, more pertinent, more timely, than his plea for the restoration of standards, in scholarship, in conduct, in character. Old fashioned it doubtless seemed to some of the rampageous young lions—or what was it that, in the fable, decked itself in the lion's hide?—who in their cynical eclecticism scoff at discipline and culture, ignore all intellectual backgrounds, and reckon it a betrayal of the divine right of adolescence to prescribe study for study's sake. But they fall grievously short of their exemplrr. They borrowed their utilitarianism and their materialism from modern Germany, but quite neglected to borrow with it so much as a tithe of the practical efficiency which Germany, with all its faults and evils, unquestionably possesses. The result is that their do-as-you-please schemes of study in fact do nothing, their go-as-you-please philosophy goes no whither and gets nowhere. We have fixed standards of monetary value, of weights and measures, of all things in the material world. It is stultifying to deny the need of equally imperative standards in the intellectual and moral world. He must be strangely lacking in vision who does not perceive in our failure to maintain such standards a fecund source of the evils from which the world is suffering. The commercial world would suffer chaos if the monetary standard were abolished; the industrial world would become a bedlam if a pound or a gramme were to be varied in weight according to every individual taste and fancy. We must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that the things which pertain to the mind and spirit are less in need of exact definition and fixed standards,

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or are less susceptible thereto. There was of old a curse pronounced upon him who removed his neighbor's landmarks. Still more deserving of condemnation are they who tamper with the intellectual and ethical landmarks of humanity. President Angell's words sounded like a trumpet call to better things, and happily they were echoed by more than one or two other voices of light and leading.

Grim reminders came almost simultaneously from three distinct and unrelated sources of the sore need of higher ethical standards in political and social affairs. Seldom have normal times seen so shocking and quite inexcusable a group of tragedies as those which occurred in the Illinois mining region, in London, and in Berlin. All three were sheer, deliberate, wanton murder. It would be paltering with eternal truth to call them anything else. In the Illinois case the murders were many, and were marked with such accessions of brutality as we instinctively associate with savages rather than with civilized men. As usual the strikers—or their spokesmen—attribute the crimes to *agents provocateurs* sent thither by the operators, and a coroner's jury has in less specific terms charged responsibility against the mining company. It is unhappily true that such deviltry on the part of unscrupulous employers has not always been unknown in our industrial history; deviltry for which no legal punishment could be too severe. It is also true that such charges have been made in some cases by strikers without the slightest foundation, to mask their own conscious crimes. Whatever may be the facts in the present or in any case, those who make such accusations incur themselves grave reproach. If they know in advance of the crimes that such agents are being employed, they make themselves partakers in iniquity by failing to expose and denounce them. Moreover, it is scarcely an effective palliation of strikers' acts of violence to say that they were tempted to them by agents of their former employers. We do not recall that Adam secured immunity through his cowardly plea of "the woman tempted me".

The murder of Field-Marshal Wilson was a painful illustration

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of the manner in which encouragement and discouragement walk hand in hand in the progress of Irish affairs. It was well that a decisive majority of the popular vote, and of the elected legislators, was in favor of loyally fulfilling the treaty with Great Britain and of maintaining the Free State. It was bad that a considerable faction, led by a man who for some years had been perhaps the most conspicuous politician in Ireland, refused to acquiesce in that result. All the world despises a bad loser. Worst of all, however, was what we must regard as the tragic by-product of these dissensions. Had there been no war between the Free State and the so-called Republic, but instead acceptance of the Treaty of London and a loyal effort all round to put it into effect, the assassination of Field-Marshal Wilson would probably not have occurred. It was an old saying, of which many of Ireland's best leaders were never proud, that England's extremity was Ireland's opportunity. It seems to be more true that Ireland's dissensions are the opportunity of those to whom trouble and crime are stock in trade. Precisely as at the time of the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, a generation ago, there are now those who make some sort of sordid gain out of the conflict between Great Britain and Ireland, and who are consequently determined to prevent, if they can, at any cost, a reconciliation and the establishment of peace. But, as on that earlier occasion, they have ventured to do this atrocious thing only because of the reign of dissension and exacerbated faction in Ireland, which affords them a certain immunity from the universal popular execration which they deserve and which they would otherwise incur.

No less abominable was the murder of Walter Rathenau; though it would be asking too much of human nature to expect it to appeal so strongly to the feelings of the world. We had little cause to love the "Field Marshal of German Industry", though he never merited the detestation with which the world has regarded either his predecessor in death, Mathias Erzberger, or his great industrial rival and political foe, Hugo Stinnes. While he was a tower of strength to economic Germany in the prosecution of the war—he was to Germany much that Mr.

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Hoover was to the United States—he opposed and condemned the deportation of Belgium non-combatants into slavery, which Herr Stinnes promoted; he condemned the bombing of hospitals and undefended towns and the massacre of women and children, in which Herr Erzberger exulted; and he did not hesitate, at least at the end, to declare that Germany was responsible for the war and was in the wrong both in starting it and in her manner of waging it, and that she should face and bear the consequences as best she could. In his latest achievements was a strange mixture of good and evil; in his making the reparations agreement with M. Loucheur, and in his making the Treaty of Rapallo with the Bolshevist Tchitcherin. On the whole, his influence in Germany was for good, and the world is the loser from his death. But as Germany had for years been inciting crimes against the Governments of other countries, there was a grim touch of the hand of Nemesis in the occurrence of this detestable crime at the very heart of her own Government.

Two statesmen of the first rank in their respective countries, and of notable rank in the world at large, have been removed by the inexorable processes of nature, and the world is the poorer for their going. Mr. Take Jonescu was not merely a great man in a small country; he did things which gave him an important place in the history of all Europe. It was he who above all other men determined the course of Roumania in the World War and thus at once greatly aided the Allies and aggrandized his own country; and it was he who created the "Little Entente" which seems likely to serve those balance-wheel purposes in that part of Europe which the old Hapsburg Empire was credited with serving. Mr. Wu Ting-fang will be generally rated as the foremost Chinese statesman since Li Hung-chang, and as the most welcome and efficient Chinese envoy to America since Anson Burlingame. No other Chinaman did so much to increase and to cement friendship between his country and the United States; and few did so much as he to guide the Chinese Revolution in ways of sanity, stability, and national union.

The reëlection of Mr. Gompers for his forty-first year as

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President of the American Federation of Labor sets a record quite unrivaled in American industrial history. More than that, the incident was accompanied by another which caused it to be regarded by the nation with peculiar gratification. That was the defeat, under Mr. Gompers's personal leadership, of a proposal to recognize and to proclaim fellowship with the Russian Soviets. It was the fourth time that a resolution to that effect had been urged upon the Federation and had at Mr. Gompers's suggestion, advice, dictation or what not been rejected. In a sense Mr. Gompers may be regarded as standing as a bulwark between American labor and Bolshevism; a service for which he merits sincere and grateful appreciation. Whatever fault may be found with him on various grounds, there is no challenging the quality of his Americanism. That is what differentiates him and his Federation from the I. W. W. and some other bodies; it is not merely a Federation of Labor but an American Federation of Labor, with the accent on the American. In those circumstances it is unfortunate that he should have coupled his sound and vigorous arraignment and condemnation of Bolshevism with what we must consider an intemperate and wholly unwarranted attack upon our own Government, apparently because it did not seem inclined to grant special favors and immunities to organized labor. It is surprising and regrettable that a man of his keen mentality does not perceive that special privileges for organized labor in the making and administering of laws would be class legislation and government by class, just as surely as though the privileges were granted to capital or capitalists, and that class government would lead ultimately to the very same system as that of the Soviets which he so judiciously condemns.

Though the full measure of success be denied to the gallant attempt to scale Mount Everest, the adventure has certainly been crowned with the glory of unrivaled achievement. The explorers reached a higher point than ever before was attained; higher than the very summit of any other peak on the globe. "Mont Blanc," sang Byron, "is the monarch of mountains," and Coleridge in an immortal hymn hailed it as "sovran Blanc".

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Yet these men on Everest were more than two miles above the summit of the great French peak. It was nearly a century and a half ago that, after years of effort, Balmat and Paccard first of all men surmounted Mont Blanc, and created a sensation which the conquering of Everest will not greatly surpass. It was within our own recollection that the Matterhorn was scaled for "one crowded hour of glorious life" which ended in unprecedented tragedy, and it seems only yesterday that the height of Mount McKinley was fully gained. Whether it is this year or the next, or still many years to come, that

> . . . lonely Himalayan height,
> Gray pillar of the Indian sky,

will in turn surrender its virgin crest to the resolute wooing of men who reckon nothing gained until all things are attained. Their ambition is not fruitless nor vain. Like that which led explorers to seek the Poles, it is of the spirit which makes man the master of his fate.

The coming of six Hawaiian delegates to the National Education Association's annual convention in Boston recalls an interesting historic incident of the long ago. It is now a hundred and thirteen years since the boyish refugees, Henry, Hopu, Tamoree and John Honoree, found their way to New Haven and aroused American interest in the Sandwich Islands, and it is a hundred and three years since that famous expedition of missionaries, of such composition as no other such body ever approximated, had its farewell meeting in the old Park Street church and sailed from Boston on the brig *Thaddeus* on an errand that proved to be of international and epochal importance. And now those islands are United States territory, and Hawaiian delegates mingle as peers with the foremost American educators, and invite them to hold their next convention in what were once known as "Cannibal Islands". Such is the harvest of the seed sown in 1809 and 1819.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND AND LATER SOLILOQUIES. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Santayana's intellectual reveries, though they partake of the monotony of all reverie, and though one misses in them the clear-cut revelatory analysis characteristic of more purposeful thinking,—a virtue of which this writer is eminently capable,—are fascinating and by no means otiose. A peculiarly refined sense of the relativity of all things pervades them, finding outlet sometimes in an elaborately expressed sympathy with human aspirations and failures, sometimes in harshly oracular sayings. One seems to find here the romance of a disillusioned mind, the poetry of an early Greek philosopher, the religion of a skeptic.

"Existence," says the author, "being a perpetual generation, involves aspiration, and its aspiration envelops it in an atmosphere of light, the joy and the beauty of being, which is the living heaven; but for the same reason existence in its texture involves a perpetual and living hell—the conflict and mutual hatred of its parts, each endeavoring to devour its neighbor's substance in the vain effort to live forever."

Few things more vague and at the same time more suggestive have ever been said about life—and the book is full of such things. But it is useless to expect greater explicitness from Mr. Santayana. He refuses to draw out his analogies, to define his categories—in short, to philosophize. He is as much attached as an ancient Greek to the language of common sense: what that does not make clear, he scarcely attempts to elucidate; all must be expressed in terms of feeling, sentiment, our human sense of values.

Mankind learns nothing by experience! Otherwise, "how different our politics and our morals would be, how clear, how tolerant, how steady! If we knew ourselves, our conduct would be absolutely decided and consistent; and a pervasive sense of vanity and humor would disinfect all our passions, if we knew the world. As it is, we live experimentally, moodily, in the dark." So living, what is our best attitude? Apparently—if we may attribute any conclusion so definite to Mr. Santayana—one's ambition should be to dream without being deluded. There is a way of escape through dreams and aspirations, provided these be not taken too absolutely; there is also a way of escape through the acceptance of pain and death. This is the fundamental truth in Christianity, the meaning of the Cross as a symbol. "Death is the background of life, much as empty space is that of the stars; it is a deeper thing always lying behind, like the black sky beyond the blue. . . . Since birth and death actually occur, and our brief career is surrounded by

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vacancy, it is far better to live in the light of the tragic fact, rather than to forget or deny it, and build everything on a fundamental lie."

In all this, and in Mr. Santayana's volume as a whole, there is perhaps more originality of expression and vitality of imagery than there is novelty in those points of view which can be, so to speak, isolated and defined. The fact is that the interest of the book depends almost entirely upon one thing: the author is able to poetize his sense of life, to cast a glow of something like romance—of mysterious interest, at least—even over our fundamental difficulties, our insoluble perplexities. Without being soft or unmanly, without ever writing in a purely *compensatory* or consolatory strain, without assuming any heroic postures, or pretending to reveal any secrets, he does shed upon things lights that may enable one to receive reality as interesting, beautiful, desirable. His mission appears to be to help certain minds to "accept the universe". His may be the poetry (or philosophy) of a decadent age; but it functions truly, nevertheless, as poetry (or philosophy), and of its age it is, despite its uniqueness of form and style, a singularly typical as well as eloquent expression.

LORDS AND COMMONERS. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Though *Lords and Commoners* is a book of excellent gossip well seasoned with common sense and with humor, it scarcely equals in interest Sir Henry Lucy's *Men and Measures in Parliament* republished last autumn.

Disraeli and Gladstone are important figures in the new work as in the old, and indeed, with the exception of Winston Churchill, they alone are portrayed with any fulness. But there appears to have been little to add to what the author had already said about them, and the chapter devoted to Churchill, though it does pretty well as a familiar portrait, seems in no way remarkable.

In the long run, what interests the reader—especially the rather remote American reader—in a work of this sort, is character. In *Men and Measures* Sir Henry abounded in thumbnail sketches and in brief, able analyses of personalities little and big. The result was that even one not greatly interested in the details of British politics could scarcely be contented to lay the book down before finishing it. In the present work the author runs more largely to discussions of Parliamentary oratory and Parliamentary humor—somewhat technical matters, these—to anecdotes of a slightly recondite sort, and to general comment. An entire chapter is devoted to "Bulls in the (Westminster) China Shop", of which verbal improprieties the author presents a fine list, with the zest of a connoisseur. But, after all, mixed metaphors offer no great variety of entertainment.

The final word to be said of this book of Sir Henry's is, however, that, like its predecessor, it possesses charm. It was Sir Henry who invented and fastened upon Lord Hartington (later Duke of Devonshire) the story that the

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noble lord having interrupted himself by a prodigious yawn, in the midst of a speech he was making as leader of the Opposition, later explained this untoward occurrence to an inquiring lady by saying, "You don't know how dull it was!" So characteristic seemed this tale that in course of time the Duke came to believe it himself. One scarcely needs the proof afforded by this incident in order to be assured that Sir Henry rightly appraises those of whom he writes, and that his allusions convey a true atmosphere. Wit and tact and reminiscent zest are in this book, giving a flavor even to its duller facts and its more random reflections.

TEN YEARS AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES. By Baron von Eckardstein. Translated and Edited by Professor George Young. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Doubtless, Baron von Eckardstein's book, like most diplomatic memoirs, is to be received with some caution, not because of any uncertainty as to the truth of what is related in it, but because the perspective of one engaged in the diplomatic game is not always or necessarily the truest perspective upon international relations. Von Eckardstein was a Bismarckian from the beginning, no admirer of the Kaiser, a bitter critic of Fritz von Holstein, who dominated the German foreign office during the period from 1895 to 1905 of which this book treats. We have here, then, no reluctant testimony "against interest", nothing expressive of a "change of heart", but a narration written by one who sees in the catastrophe of the World War a justification of his own views and the Nemesis of those who opposed them.

It is with no feeling of constraint, therefore, that von Eckardstein can write: "There has probably never been a national policy so laughable and so lamentable as that of the Wilhelminic Era. It was worse than perfidious, it was idiotic." It is with real zest that he can describe von Holstein as a fussy fool: "It was not before 1905 that I opposed him with all my strength in his suicidal Morocco policy, and he then contemplated having me arrested and tried for High Treason;" but there had been friction all along. There is perhaps a temptation on the part of the author—especially in view of the final disaster—to overstress just a little the ineptitudes, the indiscretions, and the sheer fatuities of the German foreign policy. It would be easy in a hasty reading of this book to attach rather too much importance to this sort of thing—to be a little too much impressed, for example, by the fact that the Kaiser once referred to his uncle King Edward, before English guests, as "an old peacock". When we read how in 1899 von Tirpitz upset the negotiations with England concerning Samoa by submitting to Wilhelm a memorandum which von Holstein called "a document of frothy flummery, sauced with bloody tears to suit the Kaiser's taste", it is not necessary to accept this somewhat splenetic outburst as an exact description. In short, it is difficult to believe that the war came in any way accidentally, through the weakness or the obstinate or hysterical

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temperament of a few men, through the failure of negotiations which the wisdom of a Baron von Eckardstein might with a little more time and a little better support have prevented. "Though there were clever and competent officials in the Wilhelmstrasse," writes the Baron, "they were kept under by the favored fools. *For which we paid the bill at Versailles on the 29th of June, 1919.*" The latter statement seems a bit sweeping.

But when one has discounted fully every possible partizan bias as well as the natural tendency of the author to magnify diplomatic causes and effects, the fact remains that Baron von Eckardstein's narrative and his documents seem to prove certain immensely important general conclusions beyond reasonable doubt. The "encirclement of Germany" was a policy adopted by England only as a last resort—and then only as a defensive measure. On four separate occasions England was ready for an alliance with Germany upon reasonable terms. The author describes the overtures of Lord Salisbury to the Kaiser in the summer of 1895, those of Chamberlain to Count Hatzfeld in the spring of 1898, those of Chamberlain to von Eckardstein in the autumn of 1899, and finally the culminating effort—"the turning point in the history of the world"—which took place between the middle of March and the end of May, 1901. It is astonishing to learn how ripe all conditions appeared for such an alliance—that King Edward stood in the way, the author declares to be utterly false—and to see how promising, to all appearances, was the prospect of success.

"History shows," writes Baron von Eckardstein in conclusion, "that the German people is temperamentally pacific, and that it can only be drifted into war as the result of such misdirection as that of the Wilhelminic era." This "misdirection" is a large and somewhat euphemistic term, connoting causes deeper than any that the author adverts to. Perhaps *education* would be a better term, and it is possible that the roots of this education might be found in that Bismarckian era which the author admires. But such criticism apart, this book of Baron von Eckardstein's is notable and important, not because it stigmatizes Holstein or repictures from new points of view the alternate folly and sanity of the Kaiser, but because it is a singularly clear, downright and full justification of England's policy toward Germany prior to the war, giving the lie direct to many important allegations of the German war propaganda.

MOUNTED JUSTICE. By Katherine Mayo. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

There is no falling-off in the quality of the stories contained in this the third book that Miss Mayo has written about the Pennsylvania Mounted Police. Seldom has better material for stories been placed at the disposal of an author than has fallen to her lot—plots that it would tax the ingenuity of a Conan Doyle to invent, tricks of the trade not generally known to the public, and above all the greatest wealth and variety of human types. In the present

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volume, for example, we meet the clever Kidnapper, "the Crank" of the famous Coughlin case, the "Neil" Brothers, typical "bad men" of Waynesboro up in the hills; the good-looking wastrel "Joe Lasalle", who turned murderer; the cheap sport "Edward McDonald", who becomes an incendiary and is betrayed by his patent leather shoes; the half-comic half pathetic boy, "Ray Bingham" who, in true dime-novel fashion, terrorized a whole region and nearly succeeded in blackmailing a fire-warden. All these and many more are portrayed with abundant knowledge and real acumen. In all this there is no repetition; one never tires of these narratives simply as exciting stories.

Every good story, however, has more than one level of interest, is written, as it were in three-part harmony. And it is upon the adjustment and proper subordination of various emotional elements that its real effect depends. Miss Mayo's fictions, stirring enough in their mere sequence of events, have an adequate depth and a just emphasis. Besides knowing her criminal types, she understands with a wise sympathy the victims of crime—the misused women, the defenseless children. She makes one realize what it means to be alone and unprotected even in communities charitably supposed to be civilized. And beneath all this, the emotional underpinning of the story, is a profound love of Law and Order. Interwoven into every narrative as strongly and as deftly as the creed of British imperialism is entwined with Kipling's stories of India is belief in the majesty of the law and in the potency of courage when it is backed by such belief. Thus the stories, encomiums as they are upon the valor and devotion of the State Constabulary, never seem to sound the note of mere hero-worship. Their three-fold appeal is irresistible, and it is all done in the truest style of fiction, making equal use of fact, constructive skill, and that human instinct which is, after all, the story-writer's most essential endowment.

One is inclined to think that no better propaganda work has ever been done than that which Miss Mayo has performed for the Pennsylvania State Police. It is all the more effective because it is not, after all, propaganda in any ordinary sense but genuine story-telling undertaken from a true literary impulse and backed by a sincere belief. The union of the two motives amounts to inspiration. Not one writer in twenty who could tell the stories effectively could do so without sacrificing something of the fine spirit that informs them; not one in a hundred who could make the facts impressive and could give life to the conception of law and order could accomplish these results without in some degree spoiling the stories.

PAINTED WINDOWS. By A Gentleman with a Duster, author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Since the remarkable writer who styles himself "A Gentleman with a Duster" begins his new book with the announcement that he is seeking to discover a reason "for the present rather ignoble situation of the Church in the

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affections of men", and ends with a sort of general programme which, though persuasive and sincere, is neither wholly new nor universally acceptable, an easy mode of criticism would be to say that his work, despite its undoubted brilliance, does not, in the current phrase, "get anywhere". But this would be to miss the whole point. The singular potency of the book lies in its cumulative effect. The religious personalities studied in it are in very truth "painted windows"—panels in the "dome of many colored glass" which is life, and through them one guesses at the "white radiance" beyond.

All the qualities of the book seem to have been artfully designed to accomplish one end—to emphasize, without any appearance of special pleading, the significance of the religious life. One may risk the apparent absurdity of suggesting that the Gentleman with a Duster fairly forces one to regard religion with the same breadth and seriousness with which not a few persons look upon education, politics, or art. The absurdity, alas, is more apparent than real! To this end is he merciless in his anatomizing of temperaments, familiar to the verge of impropriety in regard to personal matters, but ever aloof. If he were not successful in maintaining the attitude of an unsparing critic the magic of his appeal would be lost. His brilliancy, which is that of a John Richard Green in characterization *plus* the satirical gifts of a potential Junius and the delicate touch in psychological dissection of a William James, works really in the service of faith. Very expertly he impresses one with the exciting notion that he is "*capable du tout*". But in fact, what he brings to light in the case of each religious leader is mainly the sincerity at the heart of nearly every man or woman of them, the genuineness of the religious phenomenon, so to speak, in that person. With tense interest he peers into the heart of each and —almost finds what he is looking for. One becomes fascinated by the quest, and unconsciously begins to believe that it is a quest for something real, that the discovery cannot be far off, while one's defense-reaction against being proselytized is disarmed by the critic's apparent readiness for any savagery.

If it be possible for the critic, the satirist, the iconoclast, even, to create more interest in religion and to advance its interests, in certain ways and under certain conditions, more effectually than can the preachers of religion themselves, then it may be said that the Gentleman with a Duster has accomplished this very thing. By treating his religious leaders with scant respect as human beings while he admits their most essential claims and enlarges upon their opportunities, he subtly and powerfully, and, no doubt, justly, enhances their significance, and the significance of that for which they stand, as no conceivable laudation could have done. Anonymously he is able to tear to pieces and examine religious personalities much as a good critic may ruthlessly analyze and appraise a book; the process has all the intimacy and unmercifulness of literary criticism. The final effect is inevitably, in both cases, the same, a deeper and more intelligent interest in the thing criticized. Books are considered fair prey for the critic, and so, to a certain extent, are the views and characters of politicians. But that artistic whole,

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the life, opinions, and character, of a contemporary religious leader, has never before been treated in quite this fashion—the fashion of the critic with his book—as a sort of admired and respected *corpus vile*. The result of the Gentleman's method, applied, after all, with no small degree of tact and discretion, appears to justify it.

GUY HAMILTON SCULL. By Henry Jay Case. New York: Duffield & Company.

Without disparaging the public services of Guy Hamilton Scull, which were considerable, or underrating the value of the example he set, an example of high honor and matter-of-course courage, one may say that the biographical sketch of this versatile and likable man which Mr. Case has produced is chiefly interesting as the study of a temperament, the development of a self on somewhat unconventional lines. Viewed in this light, it has a singular value.

There is a kind of tragedy in the fact that so few of us have the courage to carry out our real bents. Most of us either fit ourselves into conventional surroundings or make a grievance of our inability to do so comfortably. There is always with us a pathetically large group of grumblers, quitters, and pseudo-martyrs.

From serious maladjustments Scull seems to have been free from boyhood on. Soldier, writer, war-correspondent, explorer, searcher after buried treasure, he seems always to have done what he most wanted to do, and to have done it with a sincerity and devotion worthy of any cause. He was with the Rough Riders in 1898; he was in the Boer War in 1900 and was the first man to enter Ladysmith; he was in Venezuela in 1901, in the Balkans in 1903, in Manchuria from 1904 to 1905, and in Russia in 1906. In 1908 he, with some kindred spirits sailed into the Caribbean and was shipwrecked in a West Indian hurricane. In the same year, he became a deputy under General Theodore Bingham, Police Commissioner of New York City. Entering into his new and responsible work with the zest of a boy and the judgment of a mature man, he became a favorite with his subordinates. Soon after the dramatic end of the Bingham administration, Scull went to Africa with Buffalo Jones. Says one of the promoters of that expedition: "The success of the outfit in roping and photographing lion, rhino, and other less important game is well known. In my opinion the Skipper [Scull] has never been given half enough credit for his share in their success. With anyone else in charge I don't know how the outfit would have stayed together a week. It was characteristic of him to finish the job and then say nothing about it." This same quality of modest efficiency was equally apparent in his work on the Mexican border in 1910, in his reorganization of the Nicaragua police system in 1912, and in his really important accomplishments as Deputy Commissioner of Police under Arthur Woods in the years 1914–1917. His distinguished services as head of the Graft and Fraud Section of the Military Intelligence Division during the World War seem to round out his character and his career, proving that Scull by his some-

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what irregular courses had really made the best of himself, and had employed the unusual powers within him to the not small benefit of his fellow citizens.

It is a curious reflection that this man was temperamentally a writer even more than he was a man of action. Too much of a dreamer in his early days, too naïve, even, to make a good reporter—he could not be trusted to get a fact story—he had much of the literary artist in him. "It was the narrowness of his gift," says a competent critic, who knew him well, "the fact that it did not regularly fit into any of the ordinary journalistic or prose forms, which defeated him. Even war-correspondence has to be at times prosaic, matter-of fact, and commonplace. Scull could not be commonplace; he could not be prosaic." Here was material for disappointment and embitterment—but not for Scull!

The ethical considerations raised by such a career are complex. It is not wise, of course, to moralize overmuch in dealing with biography. One does not exactly wish to suggest that Scull, or anyone else for that matter, should be held up as a precise model for the young. But what strikes one most forcibly in the whole sketch is the fact that the man it describes was not one of those who, like most of us, never use more than about a fifth of their inherited powers. Prudence is a good thing, but an inhibition is in itself a miserable thing, and too many of us cannot distinguish well between prudence and wretched limitation. Scull was not thus impeded, and there is something heartening in the sweep of his career, carrying him so surely from boyish adventurousness to maturity and poised character, an effective personality from first to last. The whole story has a Rooseveltian breadth and vigor that are refreshing. Showing an interesting and lovable personality from an extraordinary number of angles, it is also an uncommonly frank and readable bit of biographical writing.

THE MERCY OF ALLAH. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

It is the gift of a very few to be able to write what is at once a great satire and a good story. Swift accomplished it in *Gulliver's Travels;* Hilaire Belloc falls somewhat short of the mark. *The Mercy of Allah*, recounting the steps by which a hypocritical old Arab, through shady adventures, petty thefts, and huge frauds, achieved immense wealth, is an engaging tale full of amusing knavery and seasoned with sharp jibes at the wickedness of a capitalistic world; and though the author does not altogether escape the penalty of a certain monotony in the plan of his story and in his conceptions of its various characters, his ingenuity is quite equal to diversifying the narrative sufficiently to make it highly amusing.

At its outset, the story of Mahmoud's adventures strikes one as in manner and conception a judicious combination of *Barry Lyndon* and the *Arabian Nights*. One is thereafter almost disappointed at the discovery that the

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author's intention is to write stinging criticism of our social order rather than to pillory a human type. Interest in Mahmoud flags somewhat when one perceives in him the modern captain of industry, and the captain of industry escapes rather lightly in our minds because Mr. Belloc, influenced no doubt by the subtle Oriental atmosphere which he has effectively breathed into his story, and by the unmoral connotations of the whole fable, has written not after the fashion of scathing and unescapable satire, but rather in the mood of jovial cynicism. Such, at least, is the effect produced by this ingenious fiction.

WATCHERS OF THE SKY. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The undoubtedly poetic nature of the theme makes it difficult to reconcile oneself to Mr. Noyes's comparative failure in the series of poems in which he essays to celebrate the triumphs of great astronomers. Certainly the story of the transmission of knowledge in any field has the appeal of heroism and that of mystery. Elevation we might expect to find, and this without the metaphysical element which commonly enters as a somewhat disturbing factor into the effect of poetic grandeur. The one thing upon which men, almost without exception, are nowadays agreed is the value and dignity of science and the inestimable debt that we owe to the pioneers in this field. But Mr. Noyes, inspired versifier as he often is, does not seem to be the poet sent in answer to McAndrew's prayer for a man "like Bobbie Burns" to sing of the real things of life.

Though his opulence of phraseology and his very considerable colorfulness and vigor have not deserted him, Mr. Noyes seems far from fully realizing the larger values of his subject. The thought of patient research and noble self-devotion is indeed repeatedly expressed, yet it scarcely seems to inform the whole poem. Especially does one note a lack of that ability, so conspicuous in Browning, to keep the reader in a state of excitement over the dramatic developments of thought and over the discovery of its essential unity. Even the author's remarkable skill in narrative verse appears to be here a snare in that it leads to dilution. The metre, moreover, and to some extent the manner, are Wordsworthian, and seem not so well suited to the record of scientific achievements as to a poet's philosophizing.

But the real failure is the absence of anything like an epic effect. Apparently the abundant opportunities for atmosphere, for description, and for incident, have led the poet unduly to sentimentalize his theme. As a case in point one may advert to the weak poetizing about Tycho Brahe's dwarf, Jeppe—a piece of business faintly reminiscent of Scott!

In consideration of Mr. Noyes's real gift, it is somewhat painful to have to conclude that the whole work is of the nature of household poetry, pleasantly thrilling, mildly instructive and elevating, but far from great.

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THE MINDS AND MANNERS OF WILD ANIMALS. By William T. Hornaday, Sc.D., A.M. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

On the whole, one is disposed to think that no naturalist has written a more interesting book about wild animals than has Mr. Hornaday. As one would expect, the extent and the minuteness of the observations recorded are remarkable; there is scarcely a variety of bird, beast or reptile that does not come in for comment. But what fascinates one is the point of view: Mr. Hornaday has written not about the animals as specimens, but really about their minds and manners. Many a reader will perhaps learn to his surprise that the animals *have* minds and manners worthy of serious study; that their temperaments are as classifiable, their individualities as distinct, as those of human beings. There are crime and virtue among animals; there are philosophical contentment and hysterics; there is speech, though of a limited sort.

While this book, of course, contains no romancing,—and for that matter no mere sportsman's narration,—it may be said of it that, with all its accurate and authoritative detail, it recreates in the mature mind something of that intense interest in the animal world which children feel at the age when the idea that animals talk and act like humans is really credible. Thus, in a very specific sense, this matter-of-fact treatise is as interesting as a fairy tale. Those who remember their childhood will not think this a weak or unworthy commendation even of a work which makes a very considerable contribution to serious knowledge.

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